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Evan **HENNA SHAMPOO**

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CARICATURES OF GREAT LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS.

VICTOR & VANQUISHED:

J.D. ANDERSON,
AUSTRALIA,
WHO BEAT
B.I.C. NORTON,
S. AFRICA,
6-2, 6-3,
6-2.



J. BRUGNON
WHO DEFEATED
THE SPANISH
CHAMPION,
M. ALONSO.

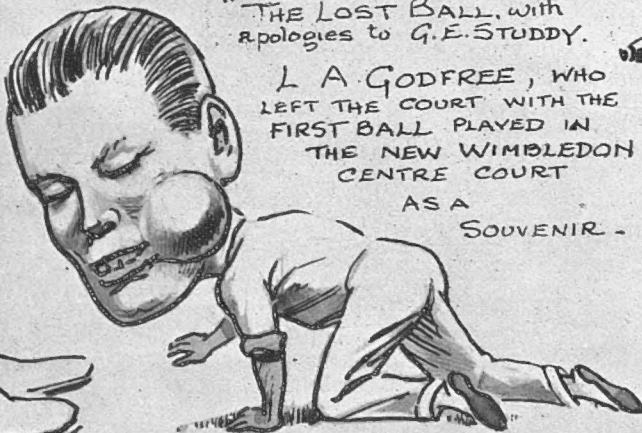


MR
PARRY,
THE
HUMAN
MEGAPHONE.

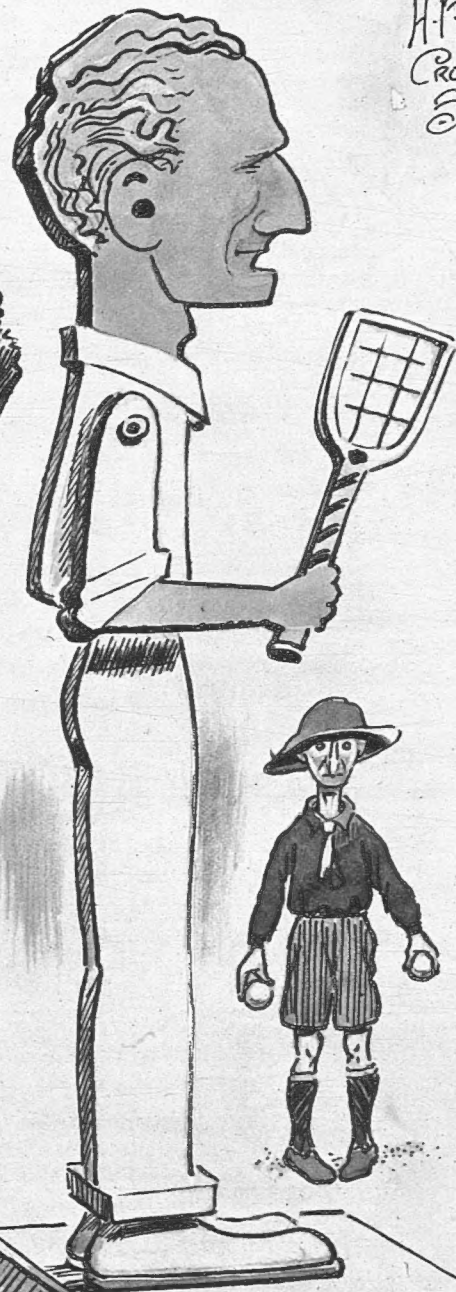


"THE LOST BALL," with
apologies to G.E. STUDDY.

L. A. GODFREE, WHO
LEFT THE COURT WITH THE
FIRST BALL PLAYED IN
THE NEW WIMBLEDON
CENTRE COURT
ASA
SOUVENIR.



H.F. 1/2
CROWTHER
SMITH
22



DIRECTIONS
WHEN WOUND
UP, THE PLAYER
WILL HIT THE
BALL BACKWARDS
& FORWARDS FOR
HOURS.

GORDON LOWE, WHOSE
ACCURATE BASE LINE PLAY
IS LIKE CLOCK WORK.

VETERANS AND NEW STARS OF THE LAWN-TENNIS WORLD.

the courts extremely slow, was a great handicap to the Continental players, used to hard courts. Wimbledon presents a wonderful gathering of players from many countries, and our artist has given his impression of a number of them. His sketch of Mr. L. A. Godfree leaving the court with the first ball played in the Centre Court at the New Wimbledon is a "take-off" of our Study Dog Picture of June 14.

BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



At Grosvenor House.

The Duchess of Westminster's evening party on Monday night at Grosvenor House was a great success; but as this has to go to print in about five minutes, and as there are a thousand earlier things to tell about, a fuller description must wait till next week. Everyone is delighted that Grosvenor House is open again, however, and the traditional hospitality was certainly never surpassed.

The Duke and Duchess are actually in residence at Bourdon House during their brief visits to London. But, indeed, London does not see them half enough. The call of their many open-air pursuits means more to both of them than all the crowded parties of the Metropolis put together. Polo, lawn-tennis, fishing, hunting, shooting—these jolly out-of-door things are, after all, the pivot of most country-house parties, and soon London will be merely a centre for hurried week-ends.

Children's Garden Party.

I saw Mrs. Eric Chaplin with Lady Chesterfield at the Royal Botanic Gardens the other day, watching Miss Dillon's dancing class performing in aid of the funds of the Royal Botanic Society. Lady Chetwode was also on the committee, and Lady (Eric) Hambro, Lady Polson, and Mrs. Arthur Somerset (whose husband was taking a very special interest in the proceedings).

The little girls were all so dainty, and danced beautifully. It is hard to say who did best in a programme so varied and versatile. Miss Rosalie Willoughby is a very beautiful little graceful girl, and sang "The Raggedy Man" delightfully, as well as capturing our hearts with her dainty dancing of an old-world gavotte.

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell and Mlle. Livia Paravicini did their Irish jig with much obvious enjoyment. Little Lady Anne Hope and her sister, Lady Joan, were delightful in their dance, "In Arcady." Miss Marcella Duggan's terpsichorean rendering of Grieg's "Spring Song" revealed truly artistic feeling surprising in one so young; and she looked beautiful with her masses of brown hair flowing freely, and her little bare feet and arms. Everyone applauded Lady Bury's talented little girl, Miss Cecilia Keppel, as they always do. In fact, she has long been one of the most famous child dancers for charities, and no children's performance is complete without her. Lady Jean Ramsay was also very warmly applauded for her "Jester Dance"; and as for the "Kute Kid Komedy Krowd

Koncert Party," it was all that the ridiculous spelling promised it *would* be. In fact, Miss Dillon deserves infinite praise for the whole performance.

Among the many stall-holders were Lady Bradford, with Miss Betty Manners and Miss

Diane Chamberlain. Lady Cantelupe had Lady Exeter, Lady Northbrook, Lady Winifred Cecil, and several others to help her with the fruit and flowers; Lady Gibbons had the branie; Miss Rosemary Goschen conducted a treasure hunt with Lady Marjorie Stopford and Miss Stella Koch; Lady Nurnholme was helped at the sweet-stall by her daughter pretty Miss Monica Wilson, and Lady Doris Blackwood; Lady Masse-reene told fortunes; Mr. Peter Bathurst was in charge of that most amusing pastime, "Placing the Donkey's Tail"; "Punch and Judy" (in charge of Miss Wignall, Lady Betty Butler, and Lady Serena Lumley) was the usual source of income; Miss Ivy Somerset with her cigarettes, Miss Blanche Somerset with her balloons, Miss Faith Pease with her fish-pond, and half-a-dozen others with ices, Houp-

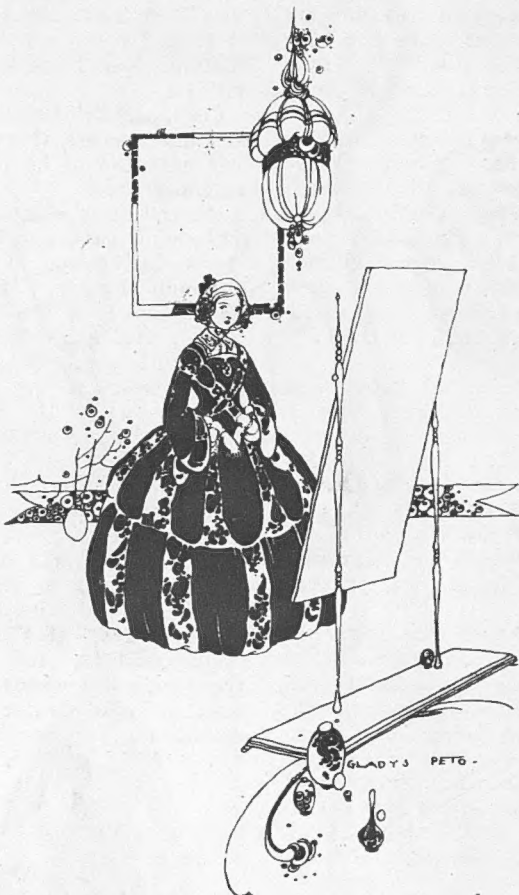
Là, toys, and odds and ends quite emptied poor Jane's purse, so that she had to *borrow* a tea ticket at last, as certainly Miss Diana Lascelles was not for giving any away, nor Miss Grizel Hay, who was in charge of the bevy of young people over in the Lake Tea Gardens and at the Fellows' Club.

Famous Pictures.

And there were more children at the Queen's Theatre on Monday of last week. Master John Maclaren perhaps being the success of the afternoon as the small child in Winterhalter's famous picture of the Prince Consort and family.

Miss Megan Lloyd George looked Queen Victoria to the life, and her mother came to see her, though the Prime Minister was far too busy being cross-questioned in the House or trying to soothe those irrepressible people on the Opposition benches. I saw him for myself the very next day, when the Finance Bill was being discussed. But all I saw was the top of his stupendous white head, and all I heard was his laughter when Mr. Locker Lampson said something I could not hear, as the rest of the ladies in my part of the gallery would tell each other who everybody was in whispers that not only drowned

history still in the making, but blew hurricanes down the back of my neck. My one consolation was the delightful attendant who shepherded me into my front seat and pointed to—I won't say *whom*—down in the House of Commons, and said, "He's not worth listening to. If you want your tea, I'd go now!" And I did go, and was rewarded by being shown all the celebrities on the Terrace—though, when I come to think of it, they looked extraordinarily ordinary after all, not to say common. It was rather like seeing *Punch's* cartoons all come to life. Only no one was very merry, as Sir Henry Wilson was still in everyone's thoughts and Ireland very much on our tongues. Lady Astor in her Quaker dress of black, with its becoming white collar and cuffs, made a pleasing note, and set Jane's heart thumping—she hardly knew why. Perhaps because more than any other thing to-day, it thrills a mere woman to realise that woman has come into her own at last. There in the legal gloom of masculine bald-headedness, in the sombre shadows of decrepit old men and in the precocious presence of boys who should still be up at Oxford, it was arresting to see one human being walk into the House as though her head and arms and legs were all her own, and not just thrown together by some tired and preoccupied Creator, who had not made up his mind whether there was any real object on earth or not. Lady Astor strode in and across the Bar and up to her seat, every action brimful of intelligence and life. It



1. Angela intended to go to the ball on the 28th in a really genuine Victorian costume, and accordingly arrayed herself in an afternoon gown worn by her great-aunt Emily during the late 'fifties. But she *did* feel it rather cramped her personality. . . .



2. . . . And decided to change it for the ball dress worn by her great-aunt Annie at the same period.

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A Family Study.



WITH MARY PHILIPPA CARY: THE HON. MRS. PHILIP CARY.

The Hon. Mrs. Philip Cary is the wife of the Hon. Philip Plantagenet Cary, second son of the twelfth Viscount Falkland, and is the daughter of Mr. George Edward Leon, son of Sir Herbert Leon, first Baronet, of Bletchley Park, Bucks. She was married in 1920, and has a baby

daughter, Miss Mary Philippa Cary, who is shown with her in our portrait study. The Hon. Philip Cary, who is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards (Special Reserve) was appointed Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms in 1919.

PORTRAIT STUDY EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH";

By Marcus Adams, *The Children's Studio*, 43, Dover Street, W.

PETER PAN AND LITTLE ANN AT HOME AT TREE TOPS



PETER PAN'S DAUGHTER IN HER CARRIAGE: MRS. A. V. DRUMMOND AND ANN.



IN THE WOODS: THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP, AND "HIS" DAUGHTER.



IN THE HAMMOCK OUTSIDE TREE TOPS, FARNHAM COMMON: MRS. A. V. DRUMMOND AND ANN.

Miss Pauline Chase, now Mrs. Alexander Victor Drummond, has always been closely associated with Peter Pan, the Barrie character whom she played yearly from 1906 till 1913, so it is not surprising that she has perpetuated her association with him by calling her house on Farnham Common, Tree Tops—which is, of course, the private address of the Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up in the famous play. She has also called her baby girl, Ann, which is the nearest one can get to Peter Pan in a feminine name. Miss Pauline Chase's stage successes are too numerous

THE ONE-TIME PAULINE CHASE AND HER DAUGHTER.



TELLING A FAIRY-TALE TO HER BABY GIRL: THE IDEAL PETER PAN AND YOUNG ANN.

to mention, but she counts the leading rôles in the Barrie plays, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" and "Pantaloon" among her best-remembered parts. Her performance as Columbine in the latter play was much admired by their Majesties at the Command Performances given at Windsor and Sandringham. Miss Chase married Mr. Alexander Victor Drummond, a connection of the Earl of Perth, in 1914, and has one little girl, who was born in 1920. Our at-home photographs of Peter Pan and her little girl are the latest studies of Mrs. Drummond and Ann.

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



Mr. Taft's Chuckle.

A lot of people have been disappointed in Mr. Taft's size. Perhaps he has lost weight since first the cartoonists took him to their hearts, although he himself still jests about his bulk.

But to my mind, the really captivating thing about Mr. Taft is his chuckle. It is



THE WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. CUP AT THE HORSE SHOW: MAJOR COUNT ANTONELLI ON HIS BLUFF.

Major Count Antonelli won the King George V. Cup for jumping at the Royal Horse Show at Olympia this year. There were eighty-one entries, and Lieutenant Clavé was second with his Affronteur.—[Photograph by Rouch.]

more a chuckle than a laugh. It ends abruptly on a queer little high note that seems to make everyone listening to him laugh as well. It is most infectious. And, of course, there is his look when he laughs. His cheeks absolutely crinkle with humour; and as he is most entertaining to talk to, he spreads any amount of happiness around him.

I am still wondering, though, if the ex-President felt really pleased when Lady Astor took him and Colonel Harvey, the American Ambassador, from the Gallery of the House of Commons, where they were listening to the Irish debate, and forced Mr. Taft to become the "lion" of the Lobbies. Lady Astor is such a wilful personality.

The Wives and the Honours.

Certain Members of Parliament seem determined to discover all the ins and outs and the whys and wherefores of the Honours Lists. No doubt there have been sums paid into party funds as well as to public objects which have opened the way to consideration for titles; and the cynics still contend that the sale price for a knighthood is £5000 and for a baronetcy from £10,000 upwards. But this sort of thing has been said about Honours Lists before Mr. Lloyd George was born or thought of.

I do know, though, of a minor domestic drama which resulted from an Honours List. There were two brothers, both men who had won honourable distinction. Each was offered a knighthood. The one, a prudent fellow, took the view that business was not as good as it had been, his bank balance was

not so taut as he would like; he declined. The other decided to risk it. The business earnings of both improved after the decisions were taken, so that both could have afforded to live up to the dignity of a title.

But the point is that the wives of the two brothers got to know all about the matter. The wife with a handle to her name was frankly pleased with her new station in life. Her sister-in-law preserved a calm content and said she never wanted her husband to become a knight. But the two did not remain quite so friendly as they were.

Coughing in the Theatre.

The Guitrys, at the Prince's Theatre, are drawing all the fashionable folk of London, and plenty of the "intellectuals" as well. There are, of course, many more people amongst us who know French than there were before the war.

The night I went to see "Jacqueline," in which M. Lucien Guitry's silences are as eloquent as the spoken passages, there was a most irritating accompaniment of coughing from all parts of the house — some strange form of fidgeting nervousness, I suppose. It could not possibly have been from wandering attention. And it is coughing colds.

One would like, too, more warning of the approaching rise of the curtain after the intervals. Those in the foyer hear a bell ring and dash back to the auditorium. Nearly always too late. The curtain has gone up by the time they have descended the stairs to the stalls.

"They start after the bell almost as quickly as boxers in the ring after the gong and 'Seconds out!'" one stall-holder grumbled to me.

Sir Henry Wilson.

It was one of the sure and certain things that Marshal Foch would come over to the funeral of Sir Henry Wilson to pay a last tribute of respect and affection to the man who for years before the war had planned with him the methods by which the inevitable German onslaught on France should be resisted — to the thinking soldier who conceived the one-man command for bringing

victory to the Allies, and realised that Foch was the strategic genius chosen by Destiny for that supreme task.

The friendship of Foch and Wilson was a very beautiful thing. It was founded on respect for each other's gifts of brain and character, and grew in strength the longer it lasted.

Sir Henry loved the Marshal's directness of mind and his occasional shortness of manner.

Sometimes in his own whimsical way he illustrated, with gesture, the great Frenchman's characteristics. I remember, in particular, one story he used to tell.

Foch and the Guards.

When Foch first came to England fourteen years ago as Sir Henry's guest, Sir Henry thought it his duty to let the eminent French soldier see what a great army was the British Army. "And," went on Sir Henry — this with a twinkle — "the biggest military operation I could think of showing him was a changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace."

"I walked him towards Chelsea, and we met the guard and their band coming along. We fell in like other people and marched with them along Buckingham Palace Road."

"Well, Foch admired the music, the uniforms, the men's physique, and their military smartness. But suddenly he asked me, 'Why is there a policeman walking in front?' I had to confess I couldn't tell him. Then he said, 'There's another policeman on either side, and one in rear as well.'"

"I said something about a custom going back to Cromwell's time that illustrated the superiority of the civil over the military authorities."

"It all seemed inexplicable to Foch. He asked finally: 'Don't the guard know the way to go, then?'"



WINNERS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP (INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP) AT OLYMPIA: THE ENGLISH TEAM—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MALISE GRAHAM, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GIBBON, AND MAJOR WALWYN (L. TO R.).

The English team which won the Prince of Wales' Cup (International Championship) at the Horse Show consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel Gibbon riding Sirdar, Lieutenant-Colonel Malise Graham on Broncho, and Major Walwyn on Mrs. Green.—[Photograph by Rouch.]

Blown Up and Drowned for a Fortune.



AS AUBREY
HENRY MAITLAND
ALLINGTON AT
THE SHAFTESBURY:
MR. RALPH
LYNN.



A VERY TEMPORARY CURATE: MR. RALPH LYNN
IN "TONS OF MONEY."



AFTER HIS WIFE HAS BLOWN HIM UP TEN MINUTES TOO SOON:
THE HERO OF THE SHAFTESBURY FARCE.



AFTER HE HAS "DIED" OFFICIALLY: MR. RALPH LYNN
DISGUISED AS HIS OWN NEXT-OF-KIN.

"Tons of Money," the rollicking farce at the Shaftesbury, keeps the audience thoroughly well amused over Aubrey Henry Maitland Allington's ingenious attempts to apply his large inheritance to the gratification of his own desires, and not to the satisfaction of his creditors. Louise Allington, the hero's wife (who is played by Miss Yvonne Arnaud), is full of ideas of how to deal with the situation. At her instigation, Allington

disguises himself as a curate, arranges to be first blown up, and then drowned, and to impersonate his own next-of-kin, the Man from Mexico, who is supposed to be dead. Mr. Ralph Lynn extracts the last ounce of rich comedy from each absurd situation and makes the farce "go" with a splendid spirit. The subterfuges are all in vain, for at the last moment the "tons" of money turn out to be very short weight!

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

Dark-Blue Cracks for the Inter-Varsity Match.



MR. R. H. BETTINGTON.



MR. L. P. HEDGES.



MR. T. B. RAIKES.



MR. G. T. S. STEVENS.

G. T. S. STEVENS, captain of Oxford University, is the most prominent all-round cricketer at either University at the present time. He is the only boy cricketer chosen while at school, as he was in 1919, to play for the Gentlemen at Lord's. He has had more experience of big cricket than any other member of either eleven. He is not a conspicuously good fieldsman, but he is a very reliable batsman, and a good right-hand medium-paced bowler of leg breaks, who spins the ball, and on any wicket giving the bowler the least assistance is likely to bowl out a good side. This is his last term at Oxford, and he is quite likely to play a big part in the probable success of his side.

MR. R. H. BETTINGTON.

R. H. Bettington, of Parramatta, New South Wales, is a fine all-round cricketer, with the knowledge of the game no good Australian player ever lacks. He is a first-class "googlie" bowler when in form, and has been bowling most unluckily rather than moderately this season. He is quite capable of winning the match next week by a single good analysis. A fine slip fieldsman, he is also a much better batsman than his figures. Will be captain of Oxford next summer.

MR. D. R. JARDINE.

D. R. Jardine, of Winchester and Surrey, is a very sound right-handed batsman, and a much better bowler than is generally believed to be the case, even at Oxford. He has been badly handicapped by an injury to his knee this season, and on June 27 he unluckily dislocated it in the Oxford v. Leicester match. The game is not over until he is out twice.

MR. L. P. HEDGES.

L. P. Hedges, one of the finest of the many fine fielders Tonbridge has given to cricket, is also a most attractive batsman to watch once he is set. He is inclined to take risks too soon, but when in form is probably the most brilliant batsman in either eleven. Has played well for Kent, and will again. A former Blue.

MR. F. H. BARNARD.

F. H. Barnard, a good all-round Freshman from Charterhouse, has shown especially good form as a steady bowler, right-hand, medium pace. He may get the best analysis in the match. Can bat, and is not a bad field.

MR. T. B. RAIKES.

T. B. Raikes, a Freshman from Winchester, is a medium-paced right-hander with a fine high delivery, one of the merits of which is that the batsman does not see as much of his bowling hand as he would like to do. Like Barnard, he has his spurs to win, and may do so at the first time of asking. His uncle, Rev. G. B., played for Oxford.



MR. G. T. S. STEVENS.



MR. D. R. JARDINE.



MR. F. H. BARNARD.

CHOSEN TO PLAY AGAINST CAMBRIDGE ON JULY 10: SIX OF THE OXFORD ELEVEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

Light-Blue Cracks for the Inter-Varsity Match.



MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN.



MR. G. O. ALLEN.



MR. C. T. ASHTON.



MR. H. ASHTON.

H. ASHTON, the captain of Cambridge, had an astonishing record against the Australians last season, and is beyond doubt, and quite apart from that evidence of ability, a batsman and a cricketer of quality. His style is almost perfect. He is a good player of fast bowling, but a little vulnerable against good leg breaks. A brilliant fieldsman of the highest class, he rarely bats owing runs.

MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN.

A. P. F. Chapman, the best batsman from Uppingham since C. S. Hurst, is a left-hander with a very strong 'back game'—so strong, indeed, that his form in 1920 led some judges to come to the too hasty conclusion that he would walk into the England Eleven in 1921, his batting having the strong support of brilliant fielding to back his claims. But vulnerability to fast bowling kept him out of the representative games. Though Hon. Sec. this year, he will not be Captain next, as he is taking up a business appointment in Kent, for which county he will play in 1924.

MR. F. B. R. BROWNE.

F. B. R. Browne is a Senior from Eastbourne, and in one respect the most dangerous bowler on either side. He pitches the in-swing well from a very awkward action which will be a topic of conversation during the game. It has been said that he bowls off the wrong foot; but, as the photograph proves, such is not the case. He is a better catcher than he has been given credit for, but his best friends do not regard him as a batsman. A this season's Blue.

MR. G. O. ALLEN.

G. O. Allen, an Australian Freshman, who was captain of Eton in 1921, is a very useful fast medium, right-hand bowler, and a much better batsman than he is supposed to be. Bowled very well for Eton last year, and having once done well at Lord's, may do so again.

MR. E. O. SHELMEKDINE.

E. O. Shelmerdine is a Cheltonian Senior who has played some good forcing innings for Lancashire. He used to bowl when at school, but has forsaken that branch of the game. Is the kind of batsman who might make a big change in the fortunes of any game in the course of a very few overs. His last season at Cambridge.

MR. C. T. ASHTON.

C. T. Ashton, a last year's Blue from Winchester, as the probable captain next year, seems sure to take part in the match, though he has had a very unlucky season up to the time these lines are penned. Which is before Cambridge began their "out" matches. Has been described as the best of the Ashtons—a big reputation to live up to. A fine field, Cambridge hope he has been "saving 'em for Oxford."



MR. E. O. SHELMEKDINE.



MR. F. B. R. BROWNE.



MR. H. ASHTON.

CHOSEN TO PLAY AGAINST OXFORD ON JULY 10: SIX OF THE CAMBRIDGE ELEVEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



Tales with a sting.

JUST CAUSE AND IMPEDIMENT.

By LAURENCE NORTH.

CLARE INGOLDSBY'S boudoir was like herself, negatively attractive. It all depended on your mood. Sometimes you liked it and her: sometimes they gave you the creeps. The curious thing was that Clare was no dark sorceress, but a blonde *ingénue*. Her eyes had a childlike innocence—usually. Those who had seen another look in them, never forgot it, and the wise went warily ever after.

Ronald Anson, however, used to find it amusing to awaken the slumbering demon in Clare's eyes. But Ronnie's taste was peculiar. Although very much a present-day person outwardly, he lived a great deal in the history of Quattrocento Italy, and rumour said he was a specialist in its darker byways. That was what Clare had in her mind when she said—

"If I knew all that you know, Ronnie, I believe I'd do it. But the secrets are lost, aren't they?"

"Not quite—but difficult to get at. Perhaps it's as well——"

"For some people, yes."

"But it's not imperative, is it, Clare? We manage rather well, don't we, in spite of 'just cause' and 'impediment'?"

"I'm glad you think so. You haven't to put up with what I suffer."

"Don't get ratty, Clare darling. I know you have a rotten time. But any day you like there's freedom waiting you—why not take the plunge?"

"It doesn't altogether appeal to me. There's the awful bother, and then there's the question of ways and means. Alfred's divorced wife wouldn't be so well off as Alfred's—widow."

Ronald laughed and took Clare's head on his shoulder. "Practical little woman. Well I fear it's a case of patience; but poor Alfred isn't exactly what insurance agents call a good life, is he?"

"Alfred is not much good any way to anybody. Except one way."

She gave Ronald a look that told him something he wanted to know. He drew her closer, and for a long time he told her strange old stories, while the winking firelight set goblin shadows dancing about the corners of Clare's uncanny room.

"But, of course," she said at last, "it's no use. Nothing doing in that way here in Twentieth Century London."

"If there were, I wouldn't advise you to meddle with it."

"Well, but if you won't help me——"

"What makes you think I could help you?"

"How do I know anything about you at all? Aren't we as good as one—almost, Ronnie? How delightfully wicked your eyes looked just now as the firelight flashed across them! What do you see in mine?"

"Innocence, you priceless babe—pure innocence. And yet you want to learn obsolete secrets! It's absurd. You're not built that way, Clare."

"I sometimes wonder how little, after all, you really know me, Ronnie? I think I must have Borgia blood in me, somehow. To-night I feel like Habakkuk, *capable de tout*."

"It's fearfully risky."

"There are worse things."

"Don't be morbid. By-the-bye, did you ever hear of Astro?"

"Whispers. But they say he's so elusive. Look here, Ronnie, I believe you can put me on to him. You must, or I'll never love you any more. Can't you work it for me?"

"No, you must go yourself—he insists on that. But if I put you in the way of meeting him, the rest is silence. He may or may not take up your case. I'll never ask, and you must never tell me."

Clare laughed and nodded. "You'll guess I should think, pretty accurately. But what a bad boy it is! Why don't you look the part—you should be dark, aquiline, mysterious, instead of being the honest-faced cherub you are. How do you manage it?"

"It was part of the bargain."

"With whom?—but perhaps I shouldn't ask. I'm not curious. Now tell me what I'm to do?"

He gave her a few simple directions.

"Well," Clare remarked, "even if nothing comes of it, it will be a new thrill, quite mediæval. Ronnie, you're a darling! I've never liked you so much before. Don't you think I'm a good girl?"

"Far too good for my peace of mind, Clare. Why will you never come to see me?"

"Spects I'm afraid. It's more discreet for you to come here. Will Astro terrify me?"

"Surprise you, perhaps—not terrify you."

"What if he ran away with me?"

"Running away isn't much in your line, or you'd have done it long ago. Still, he might. It would be a temptation. Don't go, if you're afraid."

"I'll risk it," said Clare. "It's worth it."

"I hope so. Perhaps Astro will only disappoint you; but you won't disappoint him."

He kissed her, and said good-bye.

If Clare expected to find the usual quack's outfit at the rooms of the mysterious Astro

she was disappointed. No lawyer's office could have been more commonplace. And Astro himself looked like an ordinary man of business. Perhaps his eyes were curiously keen and his manner held a hint of power in reserve. But that was to be expected.

"You wish to know the future, Madam," he began, in everyday tones.

"I would rather know how to control it," Clare replied, her voice a little blurred with excitement.

"That is harder—a matter of life and death. There are impediments."

"There is an impediment."

"We don't mean quite the same thing, I fear. But, in your sense, this impediment—is it insurmountable?"

"I think not. But I need help."

"Which you believe I can give you. Do you realise what you ask?"

"Perfectly. I have brought your fee, in notes." Clare laid down an envelope.

"Thank you." Astro drew the packet across the table. "And this impediment—is it strong or weak?"

"Not strong."

"Ah! It is useful to know that. It simplifies the case. We arrange accordingly. Now listen attentively, please."

Clare bent forward, and the business-like mystic continued—

"This interview is only preliminary. Let me explain. I am Astro's deputy. You will meet him in due course. Lately he has had far too many cases—similar to your own, and all singularly successful—for the good of his health. He is much fatigued, and just before you called I had to relieve him. He has nothing to say to mere idle applicants for fortune-telling. I am now satisfied that you are quite in earnest, and the great man will receive you himself. Do not be surprised if his manner is peculiar; his spirit is troubled to-day. His profession brings its own penalties in nerve-strain to principal and assistants alike." The deputy sighed, touched a bell, and continued, "Come with me, please; don't be alarmed, Madam, you are in safe hands. I am Inspector Tankard, of Scotland Yard."

Clare, almost fainting, looked round, and her terror gave place to hope. It was Providence. And the man who had just entered from an inner room was not alone. He must have suspected treachery, for he had brought two friends, hefty fellows both.

"Ronnie," she cried, "save me!"

She moved towards him, but the Inspector drew her aside, saying with silken courtesy—

"I'm sorry, Madam, but you must not speak to the other prisoner."

THE END

IF YOU HAVE NOT BOUGHT THE STUDDY DOG PORTFOLIO, GET IT NOW;
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The Most Popular Young Man.



OUR SPORTING PRINCE — AND THE ARBITER OF FASHION: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The return of the Prince of Wales set every heart beating, for he is the world's most popular young man. His all-round keenness on sport, his tact and personal charm, make up the ideal princely figure—no wonder that London feels a different place now that he is home again, and no

wonder that he is the Arbiter of Fashion in small things as in great, and sets the ideal for the young man of to-day in the little details of his dress as well as in the splendid English qualities of his character, which command the love and admiration of everyone.

FROM THE PICTURE BY CECIL CUTLER.

Her Blonde Majesty of Spain.

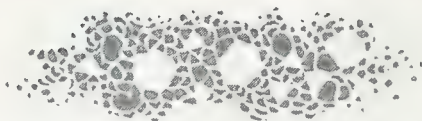


THE DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS BEATRICE : H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

England has always been called the country of beautiful women, and the truth of this saying is proved by the fact that we may claim the lovely golden-haired Queen of Spain as English-born. She is the daughter of our Princess Beatrice, and married King Alfonso in 1906. She has four sons—the Prince of the Asturias, Infante Jaime, Infante Juan, and Infante Gonzalo; and two daughters—Infanta Beatrice and

Infanta Cristina. The Queen of Spain and her two daughters recently paid a visit to England; but their time here was of necessity quiet, owing to the family mourning. Her Majesty, however, much enjoys her trips to this country, for she has retained her love of her native country, and her Royal husband is also very fond of England and the English.—[Portrait Study by Bertram Park.]

HOW TRINI WEARS THE SHAWL AND MANTILLA



HOW THE SPANISH SHAWL SHOULD BE DRAPED :
TRINI.



THE CEREMONIAL DRESS OF HER
IN A WHITE

All the world wears a shawl and a mantilla (for Spanish styles still hold a high place in Fashion's good graces), but it is not every woman who knows how to extract "full value" from the modes of the most distinguished country in the world. Our pages of Trini, the lovely Spanish dancer and singer, will therefore provide useful hints for Englishwomen, since they show the right way to drape the shawl and to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD

ELLA: A LESSON FROM A STAR OF THE PAV.



COUNTRY: THE SPANISH BEAUTY
MANILLA.



APPLIED TO THE SMOKING OF A CIGARETTE:
TRINI'S STATELY SPANISH GRACE.

'wear the mantilla, and illustrate the wonderful charm of Spanish fashions when properly "carried off." Trini is now appearing at the London Pavilion variety entertainment, and is showing her command of the English language by singing a song called "Moonlight," as well as giving one of her beautiful dances.

D, LTD., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Young Wife of a Young Baronet.



FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY RAWSON : LADY WARRENDER.

Sir Victor and Lady Warrender are one of the most popular young couples in London Society, and no gathering is considered complete without them. Sir Victor Warrender, who was born in 1899, is the eighth Baronet, and succeeded his father, Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., in 1917. He married the daughter of

the late Colonel Richard Hamilton Rawson, M.P., in 1920, and has a son and heir, John Robert Warrender, born on Feb. 7, 1921. Sir Victor Warrender is the son of Lady Maud Warrender, and is descended from the De Warende who settled in Scotland in the time of James V. He has a Scottish seat, a town house, and one at Rye.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.

One of the Great Jockeys of To-Day.



FIRST IN THE ORDER OF WINNING PERCENTAGES LAST YEAR: B. CARSLAKE.

Our fine double-page portrait of Steve Donoghue, the famous jockey, published in our issue of June 14, aroused so much interest that this week we are giving a portrait of another well-known jockey—B. Carslake. He rode Pogrom to victory in the Coronation Stakes this year, and won the Ribblesdale Stakes with Dry Toast, as well

as being placed in other races with his Ascot mounts. In the table of the winning percentages for jockeys in 1921, Carslake holds first place with 28.02 per cent., while in the list of winning mounts he comes third, with a total of 88 wins out of 314 mounts. Donoghue heads the list, and F. Bullock holds second place.

Photograph by Bassano.

The Cause of all the Trouble.



AS DELPHINE DE LAVALLIÈRE : MISS MAI BACON IN "WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS."

Delphine de Lavallière, the music-hall star, is the cause of all the trouble in "Whirled into Happiness," the musical farce at the Lyric, for it is through her boisterous high spirits that the Marquess of Brancaster loses his "identification" eye-glass, and is thus impersonated by Horace Wiggs, the hairdresser's assistant.

Without Delphine's indiscretion, the plot of "Whirled into Happiness" would not function! She is a very charming pivot for the tale to turn on—for is she not played by Miss Mai Bacon, who is seen all befeathered on both skirt and head-dress in one of her appearances at the Lyric?—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

MY recent reference to Morpurgo's "perspira" has brought the matter of "men's sports wear"—I believe that is the correct sartorial description—prominently under notice in the Press. I liked the idea, in one article I read, of lawn-tennis trousers with a corset-like effect at the waist and hips.

We men have too long kept our wardrobe secrets to ourselves, and I welcome advertisements like those representing men playing tennis in silk "combies," or practising back-hand strokes in the bath-room in georgette "pyjams." If I wanted a mannequin, well qualified to show off lawn-tennis wear to perfection, I should pick out the graceful figure of Gordon Lowe.

I must take off my hat to the Italian nation for sending us such a perfect model of what a tennis-player should look like in court in the person

of Captain C. Colombo. I have never seen such delightful kit as he turned out in at Roehampton. But then he has the shoulders and chest of a Roman gladiator on which to show off his faultlessly fitting attire. Colombo and his compatriots did not find their true form in the Davis Cup matches. But after he had grown accustomed to grass—the Roehampton lawns were in beautiful condition—Colombo played well

enough to beat Gilbert in the semi-final of the tournament, and take a set off Norton in the final.

Altogether, this invitation tournament was a great triumph for Roehampton Club, and Major Larcombe, who had organised it.

As a grand finale, Suzanne Lenglen herself, queen of the white-lined court, played an exhibition match—a mixed double. She was partnered by the young Frenchman, J. Borotra. It was delightful to see with what pleasure he renewed his acquaintance with many friends, kissing the hands of the ladies with charming courtliness. He wears a black cap in court. On this occasion, one might say—like the law reports do—"All round the crowded court there was a tense silence. With awful suddenness Borotra assumed the black cap. The two prisoners—I should say, opponents—Miss McKane and W. C. Crawley,

awaited unmoved their impending fate." They were beaten 6-1, 6-3.

The real reason for this curious head-gear is that his hair grows in such a way that it hangs over his eyes and obscures his vision. So he uses the black cap like a hair-net, and bundles his rebellious locks into it.

Suzanne played with her accustomed grace and accuracy, and the crowd found the two sets much too short a treat. When the match was over, every face wore a distinct "linger longer, Lenglen" expression.

On Thursday afternoon I observed what, at first sight, appeared to be a bundle of rackets walking

swiftly, all on their own, towards the Centre Court. As they drew nearer to me, I could just see a pair of human legs below them.

and presently a head appeared above the forest of ash. It was Mishu's. I noticed that one of the rackets was swathed in a kind of wrap, as if it were specially delicate and liable to chills. Anyhow, I decided I would wait and see this event. For a man whose strokes were so powerful that he anticipated breaking about half-a-dozen rackets was to my mind surely worth watching.

The match turned out to be a men's double—Mishu and Morpurgo against those

two well-known members of the racket Press, Wallis Myers and Doust. The sight of Mishu's numerous weapons left both scribes unmoved. They were there to show that the pen is mightier than any number of tennis rackets. And they did. It was a splendid literary effort. By deft strokes of the pen they made

several beautiful parsing shots which put a full stop to their opponents, who, in the end, were completely paraphrased.

The Mallory-Beamish match was a surprise for most people, Mrs. Beamish winning 1-6, 8-6, 6-3. Personally, I had begun to think that we had no base-liner who could beat Mrs. Mallory at her own game. But Mrs. Beamish has

proved it otherwise; and if, as seems quite likely, these two ladies meet in the semi-final at Wimbledon, the English representative will start a hot favourite.

I noticed a Press photographer right on the court during this match. Mrs. Beamish ordered him off. But as it happened to be a base-line contest, and he had taken up a position crouched down near the net, he wasn't in the way of the players at all. A brainy and enterprising fellow this, I thought. He had evidently observed that the two ladies were only using 27 ft. by 3 ft. of the 78 ft. by 27 ft. space allotted to them by the regulations, thus leaving a nice large and convenient site eminently suitable for a photographic studio.

Mr. G. C. Caner from U.S.A. is a striking personality in court. He is terrifically tall, wears large gold spectacles, and a little white sun-hat. He and Major A. N. W. Dudley would certainly run each other very close for the position of the tallest first-class lawn-tennis players. Both, when playing in doubles and up at the net, are said to be quite impassable. Moreover, it is impossible, however much you may try, to get a ball over their heads. They are absolute "lob-defiers."

The Brugnion v. Alonso match provided both a surprise and a delight to a huge crowd at New Wimbledon Centre Court—surprise, because few people had ever seen Brugnion play; while the Spaniard had been so near the final of the All-Comers last year and was fancied in many quarters to go even nearer this. And as a sheer delight to watch, one could never want anything better.

If Brugnion never played the game again, that first set (which he took at 6-3) will always remain an exemplary and beautiful exhibition of masterly lawn-tennis. Coolness personified, his tactics, and the carrying out of them, were seldom at fault, with the result that the shot he had worked for came simply to his hand—placed across the court at an acute angle to a point where there was no Alonso to be seen for miles. Poor Alonso! The slowness of the court was quite unsuited to him, and, moreover, the rain had made it so slippery that he lost confidence, and thereby his usual agility. Twice he fell.

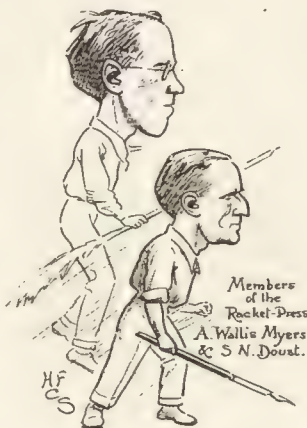
The defeat of Norton by Anderson, the tall Australian, was not unexpected by those who knew the form of both. Norton was playing against his superior.



With and without the Black Cap:
J. Borotra, of France.



And Friends:
Mishu.



Members of the Racket Press:
A. Wallis Myers & S. N. Doust.



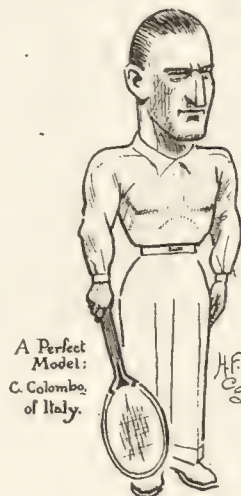
As a Mannequin:
Gordon Lowe.



Another Tall one:
A. N. W. Dudley.



Terrifically Tall:
G. C. Caner, U.S.A.



A Perfect Model:
C. Colombo, of Italy.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

English and American Humour.

"It was understood," says Mr. Stephen Leacock—I hope I have too much sense of humour to keep on calling him "Professor"—"that the main object of my trip to England was to find out whether the British people have any sense of humour."

This passage occurs in the tenth chapter of Mr. Leacock's new book entitled, "My Discovery of England." And the reason why Mr. Leacock was entrusted with this supremely difficult task was simply because our friends and relations on the other side of the Atlantic are convinced that they are very much funnier than ourselves.

Let us admit it. They are. Their sense of humour never deserts them. They are wonderful at seeing instantly the funny side of everything. That is why their clothes and their manners and their habits are so perfect that we can never raise a smile at their expense; whilst we, with our side-whiskers, and quaint accents, and square-built shoulders are a perennial source of mirth to all the world.

Having gone as far as that, let me tell Mr. Leacock something that he did not discover, obviously, during his recent trip to England. The one subject which you must never mention in the presence of a professional English humorist is humour.

Sensitive Humorists.

There are in this country quite a large number of gentlemen, and a few ladies, who can make people laugh whenever they are paid to do so. I don't say they can make Americans laugh, still less Canadians, but they can and do make the British laugh from Land's End even unto John o' Groat's.

Should you happen to meet one of these people in private life, be very careful not to tell him that he has made you laugh. If you do, he will shrink away, and his friendship will be lost to you. To be funny on paper or on the stage is all very well; to be told face to face that you are funny is worse than telling a man face to face that he is a thief or a murderer. Thieves and murderers do not much mind discussing their crimes; a humorist will never discuss his humour.

There is a reason for this. Every professional humorist in this country is a humorist against his will. He has tumbled into it in early youth because it was the easiest way, for him, of getting a living; once in it he can never get out of it. And this makes him bitter.

If you want to win the heart of a professional humorist in England, talk to him of the time when he made you cry. If he is an actor, just allude to the little bit of pathos he squeezed into his final exit: you will find you have made a friend for life. His eyes will moisten in gratitude; he will seize you by the hand; he will mutter—supposing that his emotion will let him speak at all—that you are the cleverest

and most discerning person he has met for years. You have touched on the secret of his ambition; you have penetrated to the inmost soul of the poor fellow.

The Lifelong Struggle.

The same treatment succeeds with authors. Never, dear Mr. Leacock, tell an English author that something he has written

ability, pitch on some passage or chapter he has written that went to the heart of things. Assure him that he is wasting his time in writing humour, and he will put you on a pedestal from which you will never be dethroned.

Not a humorous writer in England over, say, thirty years of age but would be serious for the rest of his days—if he could. But the editors and the publishers and the public will not let him be serious. He tries and wriggles and struggles for years; all without avail. The public and the editors and the critics merely shrug their shoulders and tell each other he is losing his sense of humour and must be getting old. That is why all professional humorists have sad faces.

Somebody should have explained this to Mr. Leacock. He pats one or two of our writers on the back and assures them they are funny. What a terrible blunder! I fear he will lose them as friends, and I feel sure the loss will deeply pain him.

What is Wrong With England.

This new book of Mr. Leacock's is not intended to be very funny. Despite the picture on the "jacket," which shows two grotesque characters on the edge of a cliff, and is therefore misleading, the book is full of serious things, almost lectures. Take, for example, the chapter on "Business in England." Here Mr. Leacock is in deadly earnest, and much of what he says might be taken to heart by our legislators.

"Speaking with all the modesty of an outsider and a transient visitor, I give it as my opinion that the trouble is elsewhere. The danger of industrial collapse in England does not spring from what is happening in Germany, but from what is happening in England itself. England, like most of the other countries in the world, is suffering from the over-exertion of Government, and the decline of individual self-help. For six generations

industry in England and America has flourished on individual effort called out by the prospect of individual gain. Every man acquired from his boyhood the idea that he must look after himself. Morally, physically, and financially, that was the recognised way of getting on. The desire to make a fortune was regarded as a laudable ambition, a proper stimulus to effort. The ugly word 'profiteer' had not yet been coined. There was no income tax to turn a man's pockets inside out and take away his savings. The world was to the strong. . . . The only way to restore prosperity is to give back again to the individual the opportunity to make money, to make lots of it, and when he has got it to keep it."

Horse Sense. That is what we call in this little country, "horse sense." Indeed, Mr. Leacock's most valuable asset is horse sense. Even his humour is merely horse sense with a

little coating of fun to tempt the slack-minded. In his chapter on Oxford he tilts at what is called, I believe, "higher education" for women.

"The careers of the men and women who

(Continued overleaf.)



AS A KATE GREENAWAY GIRL: ROSEMARY, THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY WAVERTREE.

Our photograph shows the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Wavertree dancing at the Midsummer Fête at Ham House.—[Photograph by C.P.P.]



DANCING AT THE HAM HOUSE FÊTE: ANGELA AND PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD.

Angela and Penelope Dudley Ward were two of the child dancers who appeared at the Midsummer Eve Fête in aid of Infants' Welfare Funds which took place at Ham House, Richmond. They are the daughters of Mr. Dudley Ward, Vice-Chamberlain to his Majesty's Household, and Mrs. Dudley Ward.—[Photograph by C.P.P.]

made you laugh. He won't thank you for it. He doesn't really care whether it did or not. He sets no store, other than financial, by his trick of being funny on paper. If you want him to like you, to respect your critical

Dulac as Painted Dulac, and Society "Pictures."



AS THE FLEMISH PANEL, AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE MATINÉE:
THE HON. MRS. HENRY McLAREN WITH HER CHILDREN.



"SPORTS 1860"—A CONTRAST TO WIMBLEDON: LADY
DIANA COOPER AS A LAWN-TENNIS ENTHUSIAST.



AS THE INFANTA IN "LAS MENINAS":
MISS DIANE CHAMBERLAIN.



MR. DULAC AS THE CENTRE FIGURE IN HIS OWN PICTURE, AND MISS EDWINA
ASHLEY (RIGHT) AND LADY ALEXANDRA CURZON: A PERSIAN MINIATURE.

The Famous Pictures matinée at the Queen's Theatre in aid of the Westminster Maternity and Infant Welfare Centres was one of the most successful "in-aid-ofs" of the year. The Hon. Mrs. Henry McLaren is the daughter-in-law of Lord Aberconway, and made a lovely Flemish Panel with her children, Charles, John, and Betty McLaren. Lady Diana Cooper was delightful as the pat-ball enthusiast of 1860; and Miss Diane Chamberlain, the daughter of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, appeared in the

Velasquez picture, "Las Meninas." The most interesting of all the tableaux was, perhaps, the Persian Miniature, as Mr. Edmund Dulac, the artist, himself appeared in it, as the horseman mounted on a prancing piebald steed; while Miss Edwina Ashley, the bride-elect of Lord Louis Mountbatten, and Lady Alexandra Curzon, the youngest daughter of Marquess Curzon, were the other two figures. Miss Ashley looked very lovely in purple and silver.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 2, and 4 by C.N., and No. 3 by Hay Wrightson.]

(Continued.)

go to college together are necessarily different, and the preparation is all aimed at the man's career. The men are going to be lawyers, doctors, engineers, business men, and politicians. And the women are not. There is no use pretending about it. It may sound an awful thing to say, but the women are going to be married. That is, and always has been, their career; and, what is more, they know it; and even at college, while they are studying algebra and political economy, they have their eye on it sideways all the time. The plain fact is that, after a girl has spent four years of her time and a great deal of her parents' money in equipping herself for a career that she is never going to have, the wretched creature goes and gets married, and in a few years has forgotten which is the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, and she doesn't care. She has much better things to think of."

Prohibition.

It would be absurd, of course, to review any book by Mr. Leacock without some mention of his views on prohibition. He has made himself known as one of the most vigorous Anti-Prohibitionists on the other side of the Atlantic, and there is a whole chapter in this book about Prohibition.

Mr. Leacock warns us most solemnly that, if we are not very careful, we shall have prohibition in this country before we know what is happening. I met a doctor the other day who is just as serious as Mr. Leacock on this question. He said it was part of my duty, as of every right-minded man in this country, to nip prohibition in the bud whenever the bud showed itself. (I am not sure that he used the word "nip," but, this being a serious subject, I shall let it stand).

"Already," says Mr. Leacock, "the English are showing the first signs that indicate the possible approach of prohibition. Already over England there are weird regulations about the closing hours of the public-houses. They open and close according to the varying regulations of the municipality. In some places they open at six in the morning, close down for an hour from nine till ten, open then till noon, shut for ten minutes, and so on; in some places they are open in the morning and closed in the evening; in other places they open in the evening and close till the morning. The ancient idea was that a wayside public-house was a place of sustenance and comfort, a human need that might be wanted at any hour. . . . Note how great the change is. In modern England there is nothing that you dare wake a man up for except gasoline."

Except a doctor. You can call up a country doctor in the middle of the night, persuade him to drive you four or five miles in his car, and then pay him, by way of fee, a third of the price any taxicab would have charged. I hope it is not often done. Perhaps I should not have mentioned it.

"Dormant Fires."

I don't quite know whether Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Dormant Fires," is intended to have any bearing on the great Prohibition question or not. The period is the 'sixties, the scene San Francisco. A very popular and prosperous doctor of forty returns from Boston with a charming young wife about half his age. The doctor, though beloved of the ladies of San Francisco, and therefore prosperous, was a hopeless idiot. Since it is not fashionable in the 'sixties for a girl to be fond of books, he promptly cuts off the book supply.

Even in the 'sixties no Boston girl could live without books, so Mrs. Talbot begins to droop and wither. Then Nature provides a tonic in the shape of one Langdon Masters, a brilliant journalist, with whom Mrs. Talbot falls in love. In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, each loves the other. The affair is quite innocent, but the gossips get on the trail of the young couple, and tell the doctor they are reading books together. This is too much for the doctor, who shatters the career of Langdon Masters by telling him to clear out of San Francisco.

What has all this to do with prohibition? You shall hear. Masters takes to drink. He drinks, in short, like a shoal of mackerel. Mrs. Talbot, hearing of this, does the same. They both drink like anything, with the ultimate result that Mrs. Talbot suddenly sees clearly that the doctor is a fool, which the reader had seen for himself long before.

So Mrs. Talbot goes in search of Langdon Masters, and finds him, and they get married,

and give up drinking, and have no end of a splendid time.

You see now where my puzzlement comes in. But for drink it is quite certain Mrs. Talbot would never have reached such a state

of courageous despair as to go in search of Langdon Masters. Drink had nothing to do with the downfall of either of them. Books did that. (I hope this is not the beginning of a campaign to prohibit books in the United States; there is not really much left for them to prohibit.)

I need not add that the story is extremely well written. The pictures of life in San Francisco in the 'sixties are almost Jane Austenish.

"A Public Scandal."

Here we have a volume of short stories by George A. Birmingham. The public scandal concerned a couple of people in a small Irish town or village who dwelt

together under the names of Mr. Jedborough-Price and Miss Smithson, and possessed a child of three.

Well, that sort of thing would not do in Ballymahon. The Irish, as all the world knows, are very virtuous. But there is a happy ending to the affair. The couple were married all the time, but passed themselves off as single to defeat the wiles of the collector of income tax. This explanation naturally delighted their virtuous neighbours, who forthwith took them to their bosoms, and the secret as well.

The story ends almost as soon as it begins, but there are plenty more in the volume, and they are all told with that "racy" Irish humour which millions of people find irresistible, and about one negligible person in a million cannot understand.

Many of the tales have a ring of truth. For the matter of that, I should not be surprised to hear that all

were true stories, especially the tale of "Pretty Kitty." She was the favourite for the big race at Ballygannon, and all the world, Sinn Feiners and police alike, had their shirts on her. But the Sinn Feiners had made the mistake of trenching the roads to Ballygannon, the result being that Pretty Kitty could not get to the meeting at all, at all! What was to be done?

Mr. Birmingham will have much pleasure in telling you.



THE REFEREE AT WIMBLEDON: MR. F. R. BURROW, THE WELL-KNOWN EXPERT AND WRITER ON LAWN-TENNIS.

Mr. F. R. Burrow, the referee of the Wimbledon Championships and of many of the principal tournaments, is famous not only as a lawn-tennis player and first-class golfer, but as a writer on both games. His latest book, "Lawn Tennis, the World Game of To-Day," has just appeared.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER AS QUEEN VICTORIA: MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE MATINÉE.

One of the features of the Famous Pictures Matinée, held at the Queen's Theatre recently, was Miss Megan Lloyd George's appearance as "Queen Victoria." Other photographs of the tableaux will be found on another page of this issue.

Photograph by C.N.



"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" CHARACTERS AUTOGRAPHING THE PROGRAMMES AT THEIR "GARDEN" PARTY IN THE CHELSEA TOWN HALL: MISS BERYL FREEMAN (MRS. TRAPES); MISS SYLVIA NELIS (POLLY); MISS V. MARQUESA (LUCY); MISS ELSIE FRENCH (MRS. PEACHUM), AND MISS ANGELA BADDELEY (JENNY DIVER) (L. TO R.).

Owing to the weather, "The Beggar's Opera" Garden Party had to be held in the Chelsea Town Hall. Our photograph shows some of the principals hard at work autographing programmes for sale—an occupation at which they were employed most of the afternoon.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

My Discovery of England. By Stephen Leacock. (The Bodley Head; 5s. net.)

Dormant Fires. By Gertrude Atherton. (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)

A Public Scandal. By George A. Birmingham. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

A Débutante of the Year.



THE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. BASIL HOARE : MISS PAMELA HOARE.

The débutantes of this season are lucky young ladies, for this year has seen the first brilliant post-war season. Full-dress Courts, many dances, and a general atmosphere which recalls pre-1914 conditions have been features of 1922 London, and

Miss Pamela Hoare is one of the many pretty and charming girls who have made their entry into Society this season. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hoare, who have been entertaining for her at their residence in Lowndes Street.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY HUGH CECIL, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Evolution of E. F. Carter.

By R. Endersby Howard.



Hope in Dark Hours.

Experimentation is the golfer's fount of eternal hope. When the drives persist in swerving uncontrollably from the path of rectitude, when the iron shots ricochet and spin anywhere but to the right spot, and even the putts enter into the conspiracy of perversity, the golfer invariably sees a ray of hope. He knows dozens of his fellows who have found light in the darkest hour by changing their grips, stances, or swings. It may have been only a matter of placing one hand a little more over or under the shaft than formerly; there has been in the alteration the consciousness of a new beginning, with possibility and promise in the enterprise. And golf being—as somebody has said—nine-tenths mental, nearly every player has, at some time or other, secured at least temporary relief in this way.

Permanent Alterations.

Whether it is wise for a golfer, once he or she has developed a certain style and achieved a fair measure of success, to set out deliberately to cultivate another style with the intention of making it permanent is as pretty a problem as anybody could desire. Miss Joyce Wethered, the lady champion, says that it is not wise. Once you have moulded your methods, she advises you—assuming that those methods are reasonably sound—to remain faithful to them, and trust to practice and experience to bring about a steady improvement in your game. No doubt, however, Miss Wethered would agree that exceptions to this rule might be made in a goodly number of cases. One is reminded of the subject by a study of the golfing principles of Mr. Ernest F. Carter, that brilliant Irish player who was in the last eight in this year's amateur championship at Prestwick.

Early Success.

The first time I saw Mr. Carter on the links was in the Irish open amateur championship at Portrush in 1919. He was unknown then—he had not long recovered from severe war wounds, which would have resulted in the amputation of a leg if he had not flatly declined to allow the surgeons to operate—but he was obviously an excellent golfer. Indeed, he had been such since his early boyhood, having won his first prize at the age of fourteen with a scratch score of 88 at Portrush—only six strokes worse than a full-blooded scratch man was supposed to be capable of doing on this course. He had reduced his handicap from 24 to 1 during the ensuing three years. This rate of improvement might have been held good enough for anybody, and accepted as a certain sign that Mr. Carter was pursuing the game on the right lines.

The Interlocking Grip.

Yet since those days—indeed, since last year—he has altered his methods almost beyond recognition, and worked out a measure of progress which has lifted him from the ranks of the merely very good players into the elect who may be set down as the best half-dozen amateurs in the country. When first I watched him play—and until about twelve months ago—he had a grip totally different from that which he now adopts. The left hand was over the shaft, with the knuckles looking to the sky and the thumb pointing down the right-hand side of the shaft. The right hand itself was well under the shaft in the style of the palm grip, and the little finger was placed between the index finger and third finger of the left hand to form an interlocking hold. I have seen a good many tolerably successful golfers grip

line of play instead of being over the shaft. That means, of course, that the left thumb is pointing straight down the top of the shaft in the direction of the place where the maker's name is inscribed on a wooden club. This is the method of Duncan and Vardon. The back of the right hand faces away from the line of play instead of being under the shaft, and the little finger of that hand rests on the index finger of the left to form the overlapping grip as distinct from the interlocking.

Shut and Open Faces.

This is as thorough a change as anybody could make in the method of holding the club, and the effect of it is to create the difference between what have come to be known as "the shut face" and "the open face" at the top of the swing. Under his old principle, Mr. Carter's club showed the shut face at the top of the swing—that is, the face of the club looking skyward. He now has the open face at the top of the swing—that is, the face of the club looking the same way as his own, and the toe pointing to the ground. The respective merits of shut and open faces have been discussed diligently during recent years. It seems to me that there is this to be said for the open face—those who practise it are, for the most part, renowned for the straightness of their shots. It is an important asset, and one that Mr. Carter has gained since he made the change.

Checking a Quick Up-Swing.

But this has been only one detail of his evolution. He has altered from the open stance to the square stance. He has come to the conclusion that the square stance makes for greater accuracy of direction—another convert to a modern school of thought whose rise was discussed in this page a week ago. He has overcome a tendency to swing back too quickly for a drive by substituting a driver of 14½ ounces for one of 13 ounces. The former weight might be rather too heavy for the ordinary mortal, but I have heard of more than one good player who has put the brake on a disposition to swing back furiously fast by using a driver heavier than any he had ever previously wielded.

A Putting Habit.

Even has Mr. Carter altered completely his method of putting. In trying to take the face of his putter back square with the ball, he was wont to push the head of the club away from him in a slight degree. The occasional lapses of many great golfers indicate that this is a habit into which it is easy to fall, and that it makes the club-face cut across the ball at the impact. Mr. Carter now takes his putter back so that the toe turns, in a very slight measure, away from the ball. The result is a smooth, following-through stroke. In all these changes there is at least encouragement for the golfer with a penchant for experiments.



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS MOLLY GRIFFITHS, THE WELL-KNOWN GIRL GOLFER: MRS. H. M. HEPPEL AND HER HUSBAND, CAPTAIN H. M. HEPPEL, O.B.E.

The marriage of Miss Molly Griffiths, the well-known golfer, second daughter of the Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Griffiths, of Roundwood, Windlesham, to Captain Hugh Middleton Heppel, O.B.E., the Essex Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Heppel, of Camerton, Bath, took place recently at the Parish Church, Windlesham. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom in the garden at Roundwood after the ceremony.—[Photograph by Frederick Robinson.]

the club in this way (it has long been a favourite method among the Carnoustie school), and for anybody to alter it radically after securing with its help a handicap of plus four in the Royal Dublin and Royal Portrush Clubs, and winning the Irish native championship, might seem to be asking for trouble.

A Change to Overlapping.

Yet Mr. Carter, who did all these things, has become in the past twelve months what he never was in previous years—a player possessing that stamp of high golfing rank which is given only to the very few. He now has the back of the left hand facing the

Golfing Faces: Famous Players and Their Expressions.



THE NEW OPEN CHAMPION AND SOME OF THE MEN WHO RAN HIM CLOSE: HARRIS CARICATURES.

Walter Hagen, the new British Open Golf Champion, who carried off the cup at the fifty-seventh annual competition held at Sandwich, holds the centre place in our page. He is twenty-nine years of age, was born at Rochester, New York, and is a worthy champion, for his 76, 79, 73, and 72 represented fine golf; but our George Duncan, who so nearly saved the Championship for England, gave an even

finer performance in a way. When he began his last round it seemed impossible that he could come near Hagen, for he needed a 68 to achieve this. So marvellous was his play that he did a 69, and so missed a tie with the winner by one putt—which nearly went down! Hagen, Barnes, Hutchison, and Kirkwood are to do a world tour before returning 'or next year's Championship.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. H. HARRIS.

The Lights of Paris.



A Reappearance. It was not without surprise that we heard that an artistic spectacle was to be given by Mme. Yvette Guilbert under the Presidency of Mgr. Jouin. Our bewilderment increased when we saw that the beautiful Byzantine *salle* of Mme. la Comtesse de Béhague's *hôtel*, where the representation took place, was filled with ecclesiastics. Our reminiscences of Yvette Guilbert were of a thin woman, with red hair and upturned nose, wearing long black gloves and singing in a biting voice spicy couplets of the café-concert—at the time when the café-concert had not been dethroned by the music-hall.

Another Yvette. We understood this change of audience when we saw that the black-gloved ex-star of the Scala had returned from her seven years in America with a repertory of religious songs. She is now devoting her attention to the "Theatre of the Middle Ages." With the help of her

Elysées, of her "Ballets Fantastiques." Years have not destroyed the fascination of her "Danse Serpentine," which brought her fame. The rhythm according to which she unfolds draperies under the polychrome lights constitutes a composition in sounds and colours which surprises and exalts. She, too, has a school, and she, too, came to present her pupils to the Parisians.

Swaying Veils. The dancers are hardly ever seen. You could not say if they are pretty or not, if they are *brunes* or *blondes*, if they are tall or small. The dance—so far as steps are concerned—does not exist any more than the dancer. Be it a swarm of gigantic butterflies, or "Gemma Féériques," the dancers are hidden behind their immense veils, which they fold and unfold in such cunning manner that the spectator only sees an undulating surface, glistening, incandescent. There was the "Poème du Feu," in which the veils writhing

sumptuous costumes, no hundreds of women richly clad or unclad, to attract the public, but only a good deal of *esprit*. We see, of course, Lloyd George, Tchitcherine, Briand. There is a very good *tableau* called "The Cabaret des Ding's Ding's," which caricatures one of the many Paris bars where joyous "dogs" spend the night to the music of noisy jazz bands. There is the strange and fantastic figure of Dr. Caligari—of the striking German film produced some time ago in the French capital—who comes in and carries a pretty *danseuse* away in a mad whirl.

Good Artists. The artists were among the best. We saw the excellent Mlle. Cassive, full of *fantaisie* and gaiety,



A MOLIÈRE MASTERPIECE GIVEN BY OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES: THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME."

The O.U.D.S. production of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was a great success. Mr. R. S. Smith (Merton) played M. Jourdain, and Miss Clare Greet was Mme. Jourdain. Our photograph shows a group of the cast.—[Photograph by Hills and Saunders.]

American pupils, she tries to recreate the atmosphere of the Christian Moyen Age. In a word, it is not Yvette Guilbert any more. The famous slim silhouette in black gloves has disappeared.

Gold Costumes. That only proves that a great artist can change altogether the trend of her talent and still be a great artist. Her mediæval reconstitutions are things of beauty. The gold costumes of the Virgin and the angels are magnificent. It is a plastic vision of undeniable harmony. It is like turning the leaves of an old illuminated book. This spectacle in itself is very charming, but it lasts just a bit too long. Much more did I enjoy the second part of the programme, when Mme. Yvette Guilbert sings centuries-old songs, so fresh and naïve. She is inimitable. She possesses all the gamut of expression—grace, wit, tenderness, emotion, frolic, malice, irony. Every one of her *cansons* is a little comedy which she stages, mimics, feels, and plays with incomparable art and intelligence.

La Loie Fuller. Another *revenante* is Miss Loie Fuller, who is giving performances at the Théâtre des Champs-

in red lights took the shape of flames. There was the March from "Tannhäuser," in which the flight of the ample and light mantles suggested an atmosphere of royal grandeur.

Science of Shadow. But there was a surprise in "Les Sorcières Gigantesques"—a spectacle of unexpected novelty. The dancers appear in profile on a brilliantly lighted screen. Their shadows duplicate their movements on a bigger scale. The farther the dancer from the screen, the bigger is her shadow, until it becomes so gigantic as to reach the height of the stage and finally disappear. Then an enormous hand in shadow seizes a group of dancers arranged against the screen. To her science of light, Miss Loie Fuller has added the science of shadow—a thing that had not before been tried on the stage.

Real Revue. The Théâtre Marigny, following the craze for revived traditions, has put on a revue—"La Revue de 1922." The word "revue" has thus re-found its old sense when we used to have at the end of the season a "revue" of all the events of the twelve months passed. There are no

and who, it is whispered, may be called upon to play Mme. Sans-Gêne; Mlle. Fabris, who represented "Le Sport," and who sings, dances and plays with much intelligence; and M. Serjius, who is so full of spirit that the audience cannot help singing the refrains. M. Pizani impersonated Grock with much gusto, and M. Milton was a terrifying Dr. Caligari.

Salon du Théâtre.

French actors and actresses are proving that the Nine Muses are not enemies. They have opened the Salon du Théâtre in the Rue Boissy-d'Anglais, where they show that if they can sing and play, they are also very able painters and sculptors. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt—who, as everybody knows, is a talented sculptor—is the Présidente. She exhibits an excellent group called "Après la Tempête." There is the portrait of the last *boulevardier*, Arthur Meyer—editor of the *Gaulois*—by Sacha Guitry. There are, of course, numerous caricatures of actors by actors, which are full of life and *bon humour*. The fact that visitors are received by the greatest *vedettes* of the Paris theatres constitutes an added attraction.

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THE MAN WHO KNOCKED OUT ALONSO IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP SINGLES AT WIMBLEDON: M. J. BRUGNON.



WATCHING CAPTAIN COUNT BETTONI JUMPING: PRINCESS YOLANDA AT THE RIDING SCHOOL AT READING.



THE MAN WHO DEFEATED B. I. C. NORTON IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP SINGLES AT WIMBLEDON: MR. J. O. ANDERSON.



PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE BATH CLUB LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S ANNUAL SWIMMING COMPETITION.



AT THE Y.W.C.A. FAIR: MISS BARBARA VILLIERS, THE HON. MRS. ERNEST VILLIERS, MISS JEAN COMBE, AND LADY JANE COMBE.

A Produce Market and Fair was held at Lansdowne House in aid of the Y.W.C.A. Lady Morvyth Benson is the married daughter of the Earl of Dudley; the Hon. Mrs. Alan Lascelles is the eldest daughter of Viscount Chelmsford; and the Hon. Cicely Goschen and the Hon. Mrs. Francis Balfour are the daughters of Viscount Goschen.—The group of prize-winners at the Bath Club shows: (left to right, standing at the

back) Miss G. Gillespie Baillie, Miss Vivian Wagg, Miss Helen Watson, Miss Mary M. Evans, Miss Margaret Fripp, Miss Betty Fripp, Miss Helen Bruce Dick, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper; and (front row): the Hon. Joyce Montagu, Miss Amy Daly, Miss Hester Holman, Miss Tirzah Clifton, Miss Venetia Fripp; and (front) Miss G. E. Munday, the blind champion. Queen Alexandra was present at the competition.

Photographs by P.P.P., S. and G., and C.P.P.

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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Tourist Trophy Lessons.

We all learn from experience (or, at least, we ought to), but as regards improvements in motor design and construction there is nothing so illuminating as a hard, gruelling road race. Thus it was in the recent Isle of Man events for the Tourist Trophy for three-litre cars (won by Jean Chassagne on the eight-cylinder Sunbeam) and in the "fifteen hundred" (cubic centimetre cylinder capacity) International Trophy (won by Sir Algernon Lee Guinness on the Talbot-Darracq). There was a lot to be learnt from these two races if anyone cared to take notice of the happenings to the cars in competition with each other. To begin with, it is evident that no designer has yet assured giving with certainty an even distribution of the gas mixture to more than two cylinders, or else there would not have been so many examples of multiple carburettors on the various racing machines, the usual method adopted in these racing cars being to give a separate carburettor to each pair of cylinders. Consequently, here is an item that the younger generation can have a "cut at" and earn fame. Also that care in trifles is necessary, as Hawke's Bentley wasted a valuable forty-five minutes by the emptying plug of the radiator dropping out, which lost the car all its water. When he pulled up at the pits the engine seized, and he had to wait until it had cooled down before he could get away again. This also showed that, as long as the engine was kept turning, the lubrication system was good enough to stop this taking place; but as soon as he shut off, to save wasting petrol, the whole block seized up. As it was raining hard nearly all the hours of the race, I nearly seized up too—with cramp—for the stands were entirely unprotected, so spectators sat in a pool of water for nearly five hours.

Bentleys Win Team Prize.

All the same, it was a wonderful race, and I am glad I did not miss it. But misfortune turned up in many unexpected places, for, while all the cars were being lined up in the roadway, "Bill" (Kenelm) Lee Guinness and his Sunbeam were found to be missing. Now "K. L. G." was the popular favourite, and the public had backed him with "Long Tom" Harris to a very considerable extent both as a winner of the T.T. and in a variety of doubles. Poor Bill found that the clutch of the car had gone phut, and it could not be renewed in time that morning, so the racing car never left the garage. That cast a bit of gloom, together with the rain, over the start, as his was the car that was scheduled to start first in the race. After all the three-litre cars had been despatched by "Ebby," and the 1½-litre cars for the "fifteen hundred" event were coming on the line, Algy Guinness beckoned me to him and said, "Tell Bill I am terribly upset that he could not start." For many years these two brothers had shared each other's motor-ing triumphs, so that I realised that perhaps Fate, for some reason, wished only one to face the elements that eventful day. Hence no one was more pleased than myself when Sir Algernon Lee Guinness finished safe and sound, with the Trophy to his credit as well.

Anyway, Bill had the satisfaction of seeing his elder brother win the "fifteen hundred" prize, and knowing that all the cars bar four out of the seventeen that started, including the two winners, used "K. L. G." plugs. But this contretemps took away any chance of the Sunbeam team getting home. But I think the three Bentley



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Photograph by I.B.

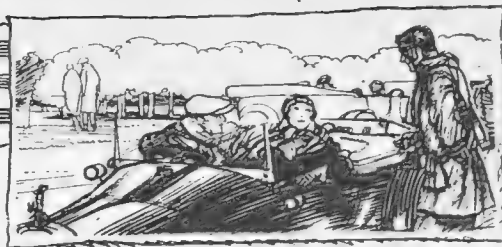
cars deserved the team prize in any case. In fact, they were practically standard machines, with only racing high-compression pistons, racing carburettors, a smaller radiator, and the engine-starter taken away out of its



THE INTERVENER IN THE CASE ARISING OUT OF THE WILL OF THE
LATE EARL OF SHREWSBURY: MRS. ELEANOR BROWNLEE.

Photograph by B.I.

housing as alterations from the cars sold every day. It also showed that four cylinders and the ordinary two brakes were only four minutes slower in 302 miles than their eight-cylinder and four-wheel-braked competitors.



Vauxhall's Ill-Fortune.

There never was a truer example of *sat cito si sat bene*—which ought to have been inscribed on the Vauxhall team of cars in the T.T. race. Undoubtedly the fastest cars competing, ill-fortune dogged their track round the course. During the fortnight's practice before the race there was no mechanical trouble of any sort, yet Park, on his Vauxhall, had to stop at the replenishment pits after the first lap and change some plugs, and had to retire at Bullig Bridge after Ballacrairie on the second lap owing to valve-springs breaking. In the meanwhile, Swain, on another Vauxhall, lay fourth in the race at the end of the fourth circuit (half-way of the race), though he had not been going too well, and also retired in the fifth lap for similar engine trouble, thus leaving only O. Payne, on the remaining Vauxhall, to fight out the race. Eventually he finished third, so took the cup for that place; but the cars were very much better than the results really gave voice to. I can only hope that these Vauxhalls will race at Brooklands against other three-litre cars, as I am sure they would win on level terms. But since their wonderful performance in the R.A.C. 2000 miles Reliability Trials and at hill-climbs, nothing but bad luck seems to follow Vauxhall cars in the international road races.

Talbot-Darracq Victory.

Though the Talbot-Darracq team did not finish, owing to Moriceau turning over his machine at Glen Helen, buckling three wheels, but escaping with his mechanic, Giernais, unhurt, yet these cars were easily first and second by ten minutes from the Bugatti, which was third. But what was even better, the difference in the times between Sir Algernon Lee Guinness and Albert Divot, who drove these victorious Talbot-Darracqs,

was only three minutes. Guinness had to change one tyre owing to a nail, but both the Dunlop Cords which shod the winning Sunbeam, and Dunlop Magnums all three placed cars in the "fifteen hundred" trophy, showed little signs that they had been violently braked round many hundreds of corners in the race. The Bentleys never changed any of the Pirelli tyres throughout the race, so it showed that modern tyres can withstand these terrific strains and stand up under abnormal conditions. "Senhor Mores Maury," whose *nom-de-course* screens a Marquis of Spain, thoroughly deserved the prize he gained on the Bugatti for third place, and all of them ran very consistently, if not quite fast enough to win. De Viscaya, who also drove one of these cars, took Quarter Bridge too, fast after the fourth lap, when he was four minutes behind the leader, burst a tyre, hit the bridge, pulled up, changed a wheel, and was off like lightning amid many cheers, so Bugatti cars proved their worth in this race to all sporting motorists. The Enfield-Allday finished fifth in the "fifteen hundred" event, and ran steadily throughout, so will no doubt benefit by its performance.



Plays — Without Prejudice.



FRENCH PLAYS AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

Perfection. Perfection is a pleasant rarity. So rare that one hardly ever meets it. And so pleasant that, after a single meeting with it, one hardly ever forgets it. That is why some of us—and the weakness is especially common among observers of the drama—are so apt to bore our contemporaries with interminable reminiscences of a dramatic performance that we saw once. Because it was perfect. And we cannot forget it.

Retrospect. That is what some of us have been up to for twelve months (and more) past. We have turned wearily away from the plays that we were condemned to look at, and we have murmured—in that irritating superior way of ours—"Oh for an hour of Guitry!" A maddening habit. To which all dramatic critics are particularly prone. Because they remembered that delightful season not so long ago, and somehow they couldn't manage to get it out of their heads, poor fellows. So they compared everything else that they saw with those well-oiled performances of the French family trio. And not favourably, either.

Go and See.

Well, now you all have the opportunity to take your revenge. You have sat still in that docile way of yours whilst the superior persons in the free seats told you how excellent were the Guitrys and all their works. And now you can go and see for yourselves. Because they have emerged from the sentimental reminiscences of theatre-goers and are on view in the flesh. And the limelight. At the Prince's Theatre.

The Big Three. As large. (except in the case of Mlle. Yvonne Printemps) as life. But (in the case of Mlle. Yvonne Printemps) twice as beautiful. You may study them on the stage for yourself; and, when you have looked at them through your own opera-glasses, or down your own nose, as the case may be, there is no real reason why any dramatic critic should put it across you again. Because you will know for yourself. And for all that I know, you may conceivably find that you agree with the dramatic critics. Stranger things have happened. Even in theatres leased to Mr. Charles Cochran.

Yvonne Printemps. Anyway, they are here. And that's the chief thing. So if you want to bask once more in the slow sunshine of Mlle. Printemps' gradually dawning smile, to cool your thoughts in the gurgle of her rivulet of mild, private amusement, to watch her clap her little feet together in time with the hands of her audience, you all know where to go for the opportunity.

Lucien. Lucien Guitry is bigger game, of course. He can do to perfection the "big bow-wow" of classical French comedy and tragedy, and he adds to it an astounding, Lewis-gun-like

of casualness. Even the nonchalant heroes of Sir Gerald Du Maurier must envy something of the ease with which M. Guitry's can saunter through a part. But then, he knows the way. Because he wrote it.

The Bill. One has no wish, with such attractive fare, to appear captious. But one feels that the gifted management has been just ever so little of a suspicion cynical in its choice of pieces for our delectation. "Pasteur," they seem to have said, for solemnity. And the "Misanthrope," that's for decorum—and the young ladies who want to improve their French without at the same time improving their . . . how shall we put it? . . . knowledge of life. And the rest shall be tittering farces for the elderly Anglo-Saxon to giggle at.

"Béranger."

But one would have given anything to see once more just one of M. Guitry's real plays. Not "Deburau" perhaps, because we have just seen it in none too felicitous translation. But "Béranger." The milk is spilt, and perhaps it is no use crying over it. But there is a play which might have shown off the real gifts of the entire family—the terrifying unpleasantness of Lucien's Talleyrand, the vague geniality of Sacha's Béranger, and the fitting charm of the lady's presentation of the succession of dear little persons whom Béranger sang to. And such a good play in itself. With

irony and pathos and truth and all sorts of things that you may look for in . . . but why find fault?

Acting and Acting.

Because how smooth and gifted and charming and perfectly satisfying it all is. French acting of the highest order is—well, acting. The performers never shamble on to the stage and run through a part in the shamefaced manner in which an English actor asks his audience to excuse him for a moment whilst he earns his living—although he is quite a good fellow really, and plays golf on Sundays. Nothing of that sort is tolerated in Paris—or at the Prince's, where the whole family trio is appearing in "Le Grand Duc" this week.

Sacha. But, of course, the clou of the family troupe, if it is not unfilial in us to say so, is M. Sacha. French classics have been played before in the classical manner. But nobody before has quite presented Sacha Guitry's mastery



AUTOGRAPHING HER OWN STOCKINGS FOR SALE: MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN AT THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY.

One of the features of the Theatrical Garden Party was the sale of Miss Phyllis Monkman's silk stockings autographed on the leg. The famous dancer is noted for her lovely ankles, and there was a good sale for her signed hose!—[Photograph by Tom Aitken.]



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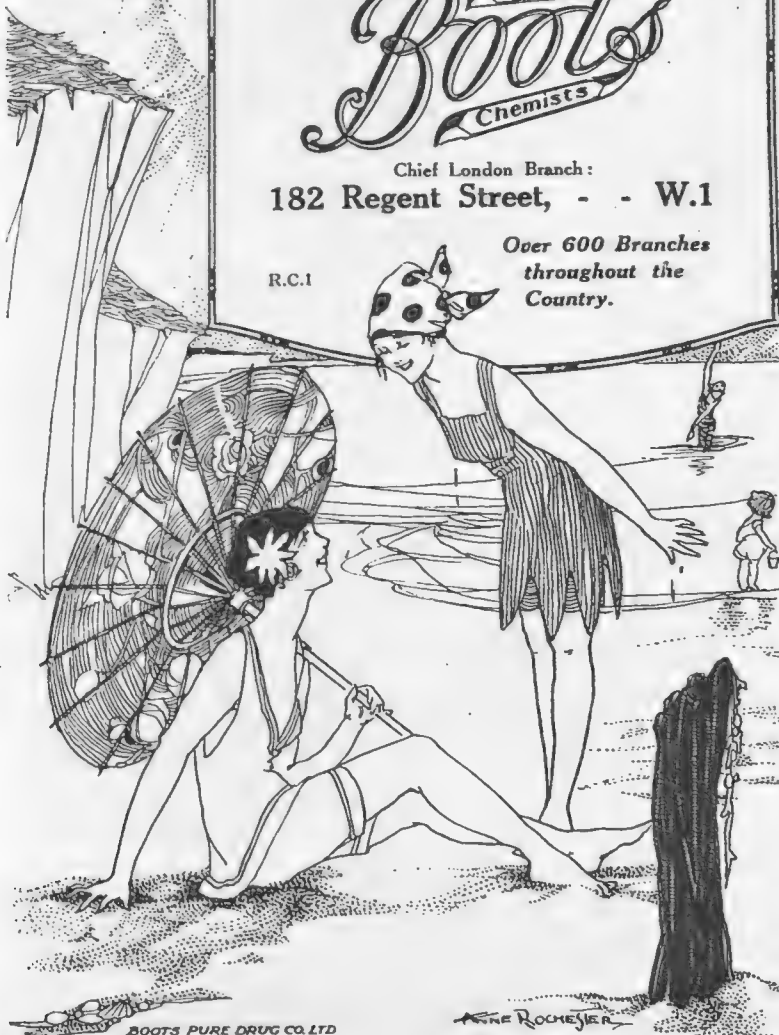
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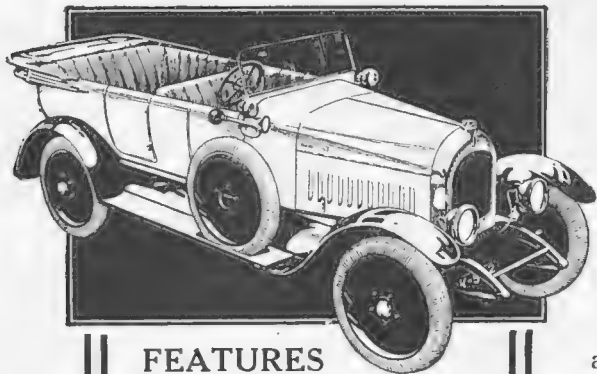
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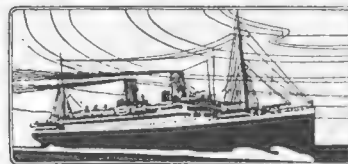
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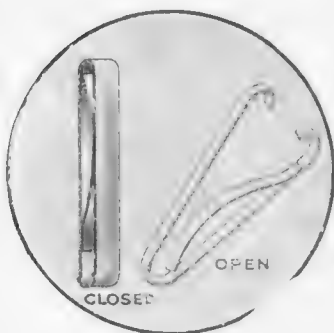
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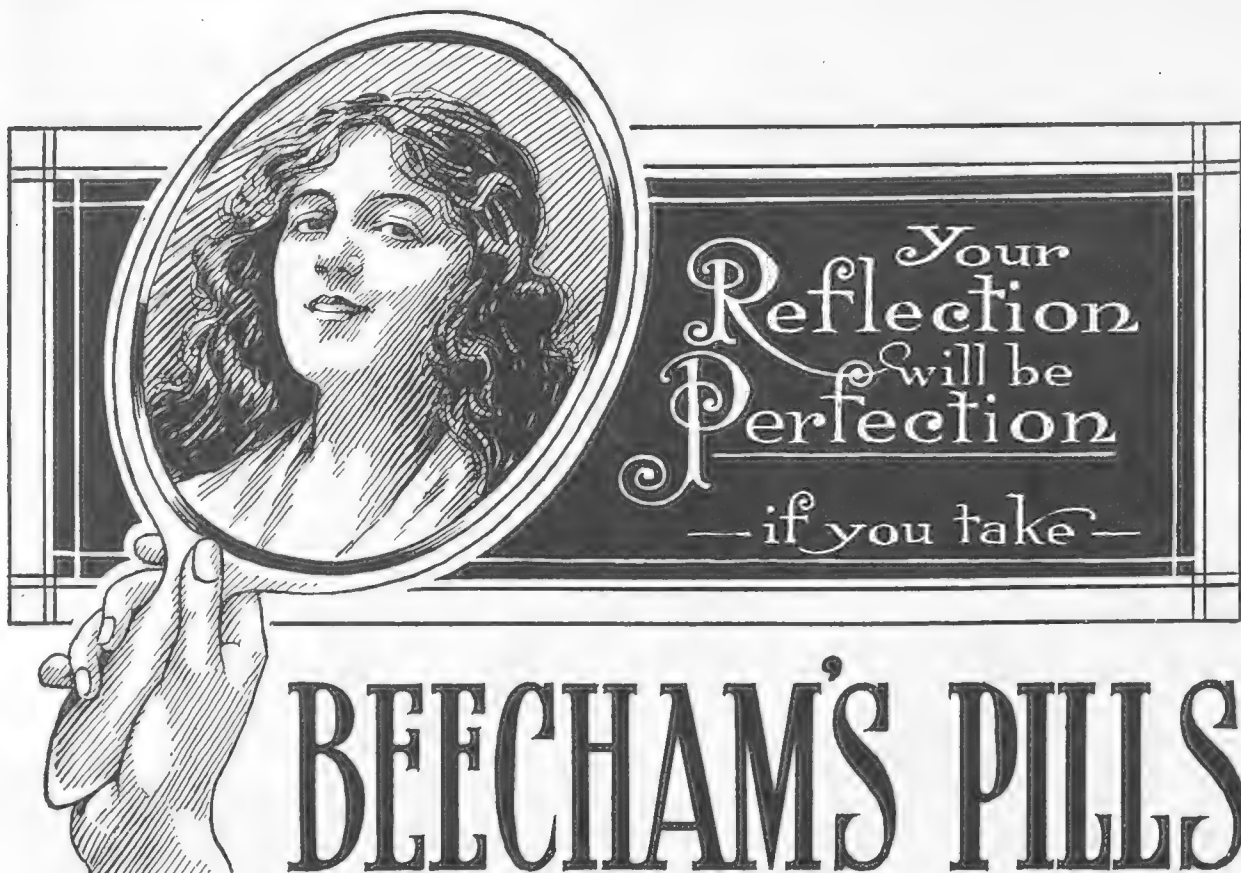
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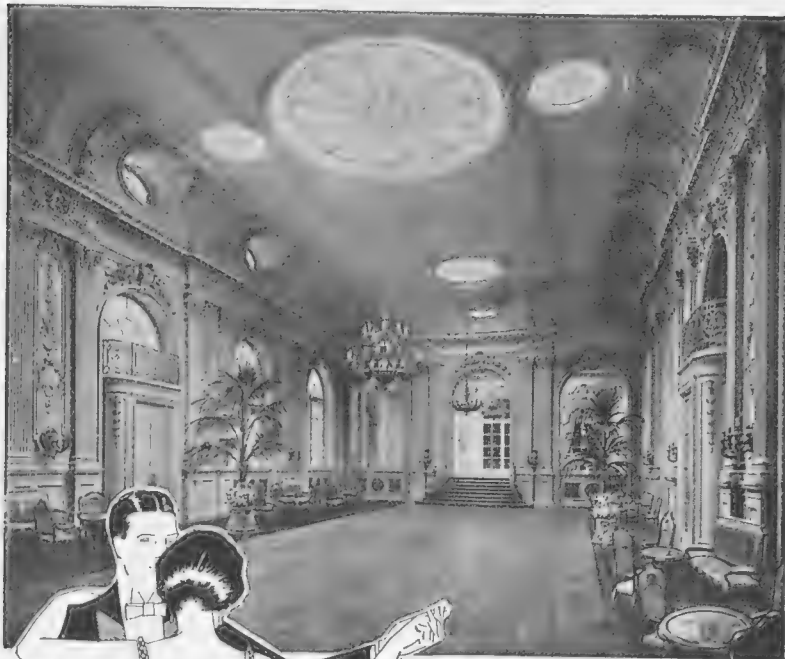
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The question everyone will be asking is **WHY** can they be sold so cheaply?

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In London the long, slim, pointed toes, with their beautifully waisted Louis XV. heels, are all the rage this season, and this is the only style worn in exclusive society circles.

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Ladies who have seen these Shoes are buying half dozen pairs at a time.

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(Opp. Swan & Edgars).
121, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1.
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60, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4.
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THE "WALROND."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, own and exclusive Cap for all Sporting Wear. It is essentially different from anything yet designed, and is so made that it will fit any size head with perfect comfort. In our well-known Waterproof unspottable Velvet, in Black and twenty-one different art shades, including Nigger, Mole, Grey, Saxe, Rose, Amethyst, Navy and Cream, &c., &c. This Cap cannot be obtained elsewhere. Price 48/6

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CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

ROBERT HEATH

of Knightsbridge.



BY APPOINTMENT

ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.



**90% of the
Diseases which
Flesh is heir to
Start in the Mouth**

Use
SANITAS
daily and reduce
your risk to 10%

To gargle daily with a diluted solution of "SANITAS" is to protect yourself effectively from all contagion. If your throat feels sore or husky, if your mouth is dry and hot, whenever you experience that feeling of "a cold coming on," gargle **at once** with "SANITAS."

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THE "SANITAS" CO., LTD., LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.14.
Disinfectant Manufacturers by Appointment to H.M. the King.



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Women who use "Cyclax" Special Lotion possess the secret of instant and permanent beauty—a youthful, captivating complexion and an enviable delicacy of skin. "Cyclax" Special Lotion keeps them dainty and attractive through the hottest, dustiest weather. Regain your youthful charm and safeguard its loveliness by applying to your face, before retiring to rest, the wonderful

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Used twice a week, it will make a dull skin fresh and colourful in a very short time. It thoroughly cleanses the delicate skin cells, and supplements the natural oil just sufficiently to make the skin soft and supple.

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Transformation Ensures a Youthful Appearance.

TOUPET from 5 Guineas.
FULL TRANSFORMATION
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(The "Times" system of Instalments is available.)

Hats for All Weathers.



The wearer of the attractive hat on the left may entirely disregard the vagaries of the climate, for Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, is responsible for it. He has united utility and charm with marked success in the creation of the same. The felt of which it is composed has been subjected to special treatment to render it waterproof. It will remain impervious to the heaviest downpour without in any way losing its shape and firmness.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.



Ideal for travelling purposes is this wide-brimmed hat on the right. It can be obtained in neutral colours, and in black and white, and may be packed flat, crushed, or bent, as desired, without sustaining any injury. Fitting snugly to the head, the crown may be dented at the side, or worn perfectly smooth, while the brim can be turned either up or down at will, for the felt, though firm, is perfectly flexible—a quality which renders the hat universally becoming, since it can be turned to suit every fancy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.



She is wearing a pale-blue organdie frock, trimmed with tiny frills, and a hat to match. Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

jet or metal studs, wool and leather in bright hues, straw and Indian glass embroidery, are only a few used to decorate the thinnest muslin or the heaviest silk. A lovely gown of biscuit-coloured crêpe marocain is embroidered in scarlet-and-blue silk, from which flash crescents and circles of glass, imitating the Indian mirror embroidery which is becoming so fashionable. Dyed Irish crochet is used for the decoration of wraps. A circular cape of black crêpe marocain is edged with coffee-coloured Irish crochet, while motives of this lace are let into the black organdie hat which completes the costume.

The Vogue for Ribbon. Ribbon is an important factor to-day. The unlimited variety of shades, textures, and widths in which it is made render it indispensable to the clever dress-maker. Very narrow ribbon is pleated and used as an embroidery. Lacquered ribbon, which is both stiff and supple at the same time, lends itself to the adornment of coat frocks and artistic costumes. Many of the capes worn at the races were completed by high, open collars, standing out from the neck; and these were lined with rows of shaded, goffered ribbon, which was extremely attractive. Petersham ribbon is extensively used on hats—many of the smaller hats being composed entirely of it. A well-known milliner encircles the entire crown of a large flat hat with velvet ribbons of cyclamen, mauve, red, violet, and silver which end in streamers at the side.

Attractive River Frocks.

Most attractive river frocks have been

WOMAN'S WAYS By MABEL HOWARD

Fascinating Trimmings.

The year 1922 will be remembered in the annals of Fashion as having produced the most fascinating, simple, and novel trimmings. Silk or beaded embroidery,

evolved from those artistic Indian and Persian cotton squares which one usually connects with country cottage bed-spreads! The colours are beautiful, and a dress carried out in a small-patterned tissue of pale blue, brick-red, and faint green is hemmed with wide bands of blue georgette. In another case, butter-coloured cotton georgette has panels of almond-pink, brown, and midnight-blue. Dresses for the tiny tots are trimmed with borders of curious animals in the softest shades, while even sunshades and hats are fashioned from these artistic squares.

Summer "Furs."

Ostrich-feather and marabout wraps are much in favour this summer. Beautiful models have been designed for Goodwood and Deauville. A stole composed of gorgeous lamé tissue and ostrich feathers was seen at Longchamp recently. Bands of knotted ostrich fronds, with loose ends, were cunningly stitched into the material, producing a gold-and-flame effect. Vivid taffetas wraps of the cape persuasion are ornamented with dyed ostrich fringes posed in rows one above the other, with the vivid-hued taffetas gleaming through. Black or brown crêpe marocain stoles are edged with feathers dyed in coloured stripes; this sounds slightly fantastic, but the effect is charming with a sombre gown to match. Clipped marabout is another innovation which creates the most delightful wraps. Soft and very light, these are usually lined with printed georgette of the most elusive colours, suitable for wearing with almost every summer dress. The old-fashioned ostrich boa has once more come into its own; but it is larger than of yore, and made in tufts which resemble exotic flowers.

Summer Frocks for the Little Ones.

Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street and Vere Street, have pretty salons for the tiny tots. Here it is possible to find all



What is prettier than a pink cotton beach-romper, embroidered in contrasting colours? Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

that is required for small boys and girls, besides everything that is necessary for baby. The little pink cotton beach-romper pictured on the right of this page is beautifully embroidered in contrasting colours, and the price is 16s. 9d. The small maiden to the left is wearing a blue organdie frock trimmed with frills bound with white. Silk forget-me-nots finish the sash, and the price is 3½ guineas. The blue organdie hat to match is made with a double brim, and ornamented with silk flowers; this is priced at 45s. 6d. Printed voile dresses for Miss Four-Years-Old are made with a tiny bodice and full skirt finished with a silk hem; these can be obtained for 46s. 9d. Small eider-down quilts, hand-painted with well-known fairy friends and animals, cost 42s.; while the prettiest little cradles, covered with white washing net over pink silk, are 8½ guineas, including the stand.

The Hush-a-Bye Baby Car.

The Hush-a-Bye Baby car pictured on this page is the latest achievement of John Ward, 26, Knightsbridge, S.W. It is perfectly balanced, and fitted with useful apron, loose cushions, plated fittings, etc. The cost is only £8 8s. On application, the firm will send all details regarding this car, for it can be obtained in different colours; some are dark-blue throughout, others have dark-blue paint-work with suède-grey upholstery. A great deal of hard work and thinking have gone into the planning of this car, made expressly for John Ward on the finest principles of scientific mass production; hence the very reasonable price at which it is possible to construct a really safe and correct baby carriage that will appeal to every mother.



John Ward is responsible for this Hush-a-Bye Baby car, so perfectly designed and carried out.

(Continued overleaf.)

Under the patronage of
 HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. THE RIGHT HON. LORD RIDDELL.
 THE HON. SIR ARTHUR STANLEY. SIR NAPIER BURNETT.

Proceeds will be equally divided between
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Harrods, Selfridges, all branches of Keith Prowse, District Messengers,
 Ashton and Mitchell, and all other Theatre Ticket Offices.

Take Your Tickets NOW while they are available.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

The Care of the Skin.

The skin, and especially that of the face, requires even more care in summer than it does in winter. No two skins are alike, and whereas the sun freckles one person, it will often bring out a rash on another, and cause the most irritating blisters in yet another case. Now it is a mistake to think that one and the same treatment will cure all these disfigurements, so it is advisable to seek the help of a specialist. Mme. Helena Rubinstein, the great beauty culturist—24, Grafton Street, Bond Street—has devoted years of study to the care of the skin and the numerous defects to which it is subject; therefore, it is not surprising to hear of her extraordinary success in all parts of the world. She believes in giving special and individual care to every woman who consults her, and the result is remarkable. Sunburn, puffiness of the face in general, lines round the eyes, double chins, moles, superfluous hair, etc., each require different treatment, and Mme. Rubinstein has proved that she can erase these disfigurements—or, what is infinitely better, prevent them from ever appearing if simple treatment is started in time. Mme. Rubinstein also treats by correspondence, and a clear description of the quality of the skin and its defects is necessary. "Loveliness Through the Letter-Box," a charming little booklet giving much helpful advice, will be sent post free on application.

The Perfect Tennis Frock.

The good tennis-player requires a frock that will not hamper her movements, and is at the same time pretty. Dickins and Jones', Regent Street, have designed a perfect tennis-frock which cannot fail to win approval. The sketch on this page pictures the dress carried out in white piqué, but it can also be obtained in white sponge-cloth. The skirt measures 2½ yards at the hem, the fulness being cleverly concealed under the wide pleat at the side. The price is 32s. 6d., and it is made in three sizes. Tennis frocks of French ratine, well cut, and with wide skirts, cost 75s. 6d. Washing silk, so delightful for the hot weather, is extremely fashionable this summer, and Dickins and Jones have used it for many of



An attractive and practical tennis frock. Sketched at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street.

their dresses—not forgetting those specially designed for the older woman. In beautiful shades of coral and white crêpe-de-Chine, these frocks cost 5½ guineas; others, in blue, pink, and grey stripes, are 84s.

Beautiful Lingerie.

No woman can have too much lingerie, and there is nothing more fascinating than purchasing new garments. Derry and Toms, Kensington High Street, have delightful sets, including the one illustrated on this page. White crêpe-de-Chine is the material chosen; the bands of mauve crêpe which are used as a trimming are very effective. The nightgown costs 4 guineas, while the camiknickers can be obtained for 55s. 9d. Special jumper camisoles of white silk edged with lace are 5s. 11d. White silk knickers, made with very wide legs trimmed with lace, are only 9s. 11d. Coloured silk nightgowns finished with hemstitched bands are priced at 27s. 6d., while camiknickers can be obtained for the same price.

Georgian Soap.

Bristow and Company, the famous firm of soap-makers dating back to the time of George III., have just evolved a delightful toilet soap, which they have christened the "Georgian." It is the outcome of nearly one hundred and fifty years' experience. It is of the highest standard of purity and has the fragrance of an old-world English garden. The toilet tablet costs 1s. 3d., while the large bath tablet is 2s. 6d. Georgian soap is not sold in expensive wrappings; each tablet is packed in transparent paper, which protects the delicate perfume. The soap is excellent for delicate skins.

The Beauty of the Hair.

It is of interest to hear that Mr. James Stewart, the great hair specialist, has opened extensive salons at 80, New Bond Street. The artistically furnished rooms are fitted with the latest electric appliances for promoting the beauty of the hair—permanent-waving, shampooing, etc. Stewart's transformations, made from naturally wavy hair, are unrivalled. One salon is devoted to the matching of hair, not only in shade, but in texture. The children's room well deserves a visit. Here everything is arranged to amuse the little people; and when waiting their turn for hair-treatment, there are lovely Teddy bears to play with, and even the walls and curtains depict favourite friends. The salons for manicure and chiropody leave nothing to be desired. The tinting and brightening of grey hair requires careful study, and Mr. Stewart's harmless colouring matter not only banishes grey hair, but also improves the

growth and lustre of all hair. Illustrated catalogues are sent on application, and information on all subjects can be obtained by consultation or in writing.



Derry and Toms, Kensington High Street, have used white crêpe-de-Chine for this exquisite lingerie and trimmed it with mauve

A Unique Opportunity.

Every woman of moderate means should mark July 10 as an important date on her calendar. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have selected that day for the opening of a remarkable sale, in which every garment will be reduced to a price that seems almost incredible in its cheapness. In the salon set apart for knitted goods, nothing will be over 2 guineas, and for this delightfully modest sum there can be obtained either a coat and skirt, a coat and jumper, or a one-piece dress, carried out in wool, silk, or silken wool—an attractive mixture of the two; and should the choice fall upon one of the oddments among the skirts and jumpers, it may be had for no more than 10s. As the original price asked for these garments ranged from 5½ to 9½ guineas, it is unnecessary to draw attention to the amount of the reduction; the figures speak for themselves. For the sportswoman there are Harris-tweed costumes; and these, as well as excellent coats and skirts of worsted suiting, are priced at 8½ guineas. The same sum expended in the mantle department will procure an evening cloak of chiffon velvet, which may be chosen from a wide selection of beautiful shades. Cosy winter coats may also be purchased at exceptional prices, and happy is the woman who contrives to secure one of the few long velours or suede cloth coats that are still left. They are ornamented with heavy nutria collars, and the price is only 7½ guineas. It is important to remember that the sale will continue for a fortnight only, and that no goods can be sent on approval during this time.

[Continued overleaf.]



A Rich Skin the Secret of Beauty

WHAT is it in beauty that attracts and thrills? Freshness. Bloom. Delicate tints. Pearl-like whiteness. Sparkle. The impression of flawlessness. Such beauty evokes the Spirit of Delight. It gives wings to joy and a body to happiness. Study your complexion. There should be something in your face suggesting the combined beauty of lilies and blush roses. Nothing is so necessary to attractiveness as a clear, bright satiny skin.

THE ARDEN SCIENTIFIC SKIN TREATMENT which can now be obtained at Elizabeth Arden's Salon at 25 Old Bond Street, has transformed many an ordinary woman into a new and lovely being.

Elizabeth Arden's methods are individual; her natural talent aids you in correcting every fault. The Muscle-Strapping and Face-Moulding Treatment cleanses, nourishes, whitens, invigorates and tightens the skin, removes lines, wrinkles, blackheads, pimples, and fills up hollows. Come to the Arden Salon for a course of Treatment, or consult Elizabeth Arden by letter concerning your skin problems.

THE ARDEN VENETIAN PREPARATIONS

Here are a few of the wonderful Creams and Lotions, each of which fulfils a specific skin requirement.

Venetian Cleansing Cream

is a perfect skin cleanser. It liquefies on the skin and takes every particle of dust and foreign matter out of the pores. It is soft and soothing, supplying natural oil to the skin and should be used whenever cleansing. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Ardena Skin Tonic

A mild astringent and stimulating tonic for the skin; used in conjunction with the Cleansing Cream, it whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear, fresh and radiant. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6.

Orange Skin Food

Every skin requires a good pure skin food. Orange Skin Food keeps the skin full and youthful, nourishes sunken and relaxed tissues, prevents dryness, fills out hollows and attenuation. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

Venetian Velva Cream

nourishes the skin without fattening. Specially prepared for maintaining its soft, smooth texture. Do not wait until the summer sun has wrought its havoc but protect your skin now by giving it daily care. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

Venetian Pore Cream

A greaseless astringent cream which closes enlarged pores, tones up the skin tissue, and refines even the coarsest skin; removes blackheads and pimples. 4/6.

Amoretta Cream

A fragrant vanishing cream which protects the skin from wind and weather and forms a lasting base for powder. Invaluable when motoring or golfing. 4/6, 8/6.

Lille Lotion

A protection to the skin. Imparts an exquisite flower-like finish and prevents freckles, tan and sunburn. 6/6, 10/6.

Anti-Wrinkle Cream

removes lines and wrinkles and keeps the skin smooth. 6/6.

Lemonies

A delightful soap, just like a lemon—a splendid bleach for the hands. Box of 6, 5/6.

Poudre d'Illusion

A lovely pure powder, subtly perfumed—peach coloured, soft and adherent to the skin; dustproof to the pores. 12/6.

SEND for "The Quest of the Beautiful," a Booklet describing the Venetian Preparations and Muscle-Strapping Treatment.

Telephone Regent 5565 for appointment

ELIZABETH ARDEN
25-F OLD BOND ST. LONDON-W

673 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK • 255 RUE ST-HONORÉ PARIS



Some people are prejudiced against substitutes.

Sometimes they have reason on their side—but Spree can be carried too far. Only the very stupid would refuse to furnish a room with good reproductions of beautiful old furniture. The beauty of design, the craftsmanship and the artistic effect are there just as in the originals. Only the cost—an important consideration nowadays—is different. So it is with

Ciro Pearls

They reproduce to perfection the lustrous sheen and delicate texture, the weight and hardness of the Oriental original. In sheer beauty there is no difference. Every *Ciro Pearl* goes through two phases. First, our chemists strain every nerve to make an exact copy of the Oriental. Second, our expert craftsmen take the utmost care in mounting, graduating and stringing. The pearl of great price is not handled with greater care or mounted with greater skill. We have hundreds of testimonials congratulating us on the result. But we prefer that you judge for yourself. If you come to our showrooms your own eyes will convince you, or, if you cannot—avail yourself of:—

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 ins. long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, earrings or any other *Ciro Pearl* jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. *Ciro Pearl* necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dev 45

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor,
over Lloyds Bank, Near Piccadilly.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Fry's New Factories.

In the last few years the business of J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., the great Bristol cocoa and chocolate manufacturers, has been extended. They have recently acquired a delightful stretch of countryside, about three hundred acres, in the village of Keynsham, lying a few miles from Bristol. This ground is noted for the beauty of its surroundings, and is rapidly showing signs of the activities of the builder. The foundations of one of the new factories have already been laid. From the railway one can now see part of the steel framework rising steadily and surely above the ground. Roads, wharves, railway sidings, and all the necessary accompaniments of modern business are in the early stages of being. In addition, however, to the ideal conditions in which the new factories are situated, there are splendid opportunities for sport and recreation. Provision is being made for playing fields, bathing pools, and for all kinds of athletics.

Artistic Hairdressing.

That the Maison Nicol has transferred from the Haymarket to 170, New Bond Street is a fact that cannot be too much emphasized. The new salons are altogether charming. No pains have been spared to make the surroundings as pleasing and satisfactory as the treatment. The carpet throughout is of soft beige pile, which blends beautifully with the darker shades



The Nonetta Parting Transformation, designed and created by M. David Nicol, 170, New Bond Street.

of the woodwork. The first floor is in the Louis Quatorze style, panels of green brocaded silk having been let into the walls to harmonise with the delicately carved furniture of this period. Adam style prevails on the second floor, with furniture, decorated ceiling, panelling, and even fireplace, all in keeping. A separate cubicle is provided for each client, and all work is done by experts under the personal supervision of M. David Nicol. Unfortunately, space forbids more than a passing reference to the wonderful transformations for which the Maison Nicol is so well known. The parting, generally the weak point of every transformation, has been brought to such a high standard of realism that it is impossible to detect artificiality after the closest scrutiny. Apparently, every hair springs directly from the head, and this illusion will be maintained even if the parting be changed.

Aeronautic Festival in Geneva.

The Swiss Aero Club and their Geneva section, the Swiss Aviation Club, are holding a festival week in Geneva, beginning on July 30 with the international cycle race at the Velodrome of Geneva. On Aug. 6 the Gordon Bennett Cup will be contested, France, England, America, Italy, Belgium, Spain, and Switzerland each entering three balloons for the competition. Other interesting features will be a magnificent firework display over Lac Léman at night, and a balloon - automobile competition.



After a Hot Game

Allenbury's Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Made from the choicest fruit juice and pure glycerine, the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are ideal for quenching the thirst after a strenuous game.

Faintly acidulous like the fruit itself, they are something more than cloying sweetmeats. Prepared according to the old French recipe of the House, the pastilles are delightfully smooth and clean to the palate and at once refresh and remove the dry parched feeling as only the juice of luscious fruit can.

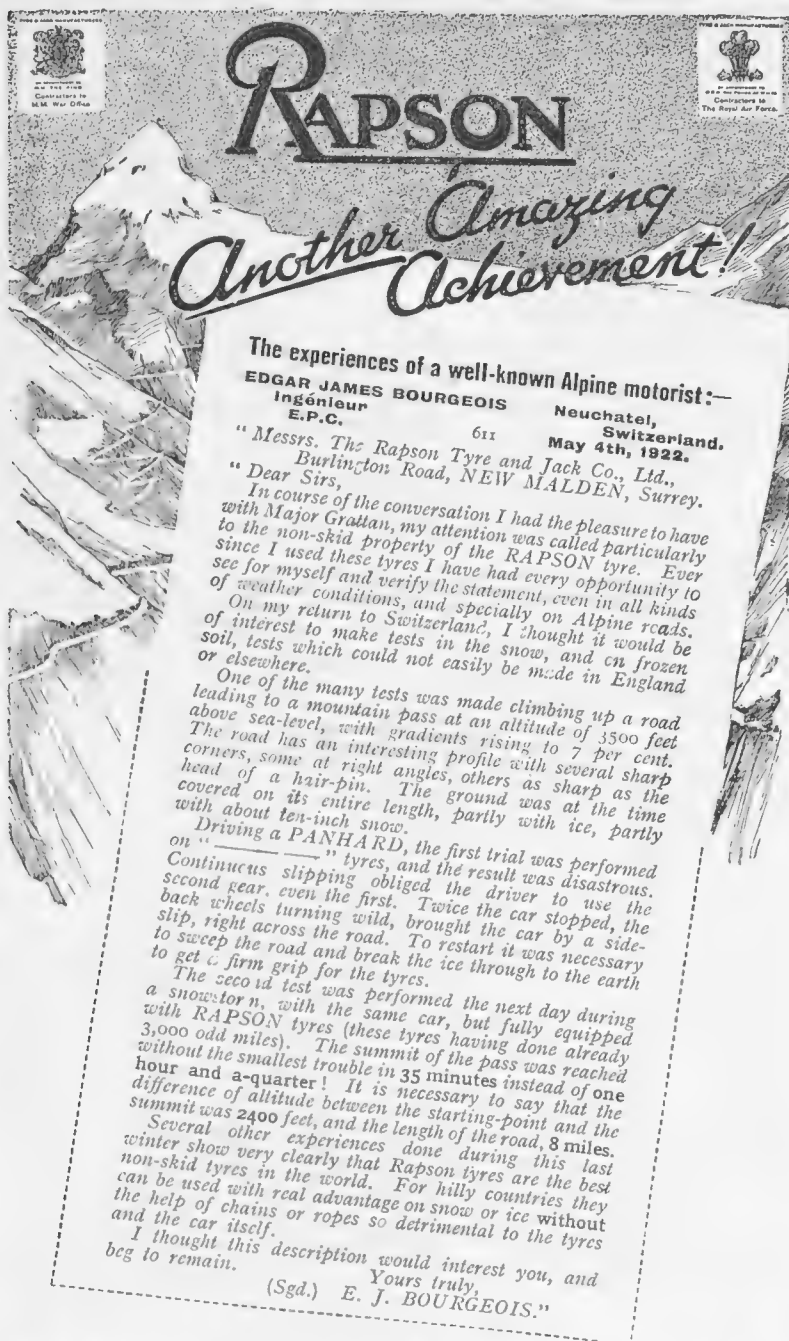
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RAPSON

Another Amazing Achievement!

The experiences of a well-known Alpine motorist:—
EDGAR JAMES BOURGEOIS
 Ingénieur E.P.C. Neuchâtel, Switzerland.
 May 4th, 1922.

"Messrs. The Rapson Tyre and Jack Co., Ltd.,
 Burlington Road, NEW MALDEN, Surrey.

"Dear Sirs,
 In course of the conversation I had the pleasure to have with Major Gratian, my attention was called particularly to the non-skid property of the RAPSON tyre. Ever since I used these tyres I have had every opportunity to see for myself and verify the statement, even in all kinds of weather conditions, and specially on Alpine roads. On my return to Switzerland, I thought it would be of interest to make tests in the snow, and on frozen soil, tests which could not easily be made in England or elsewhere.

One of the many tests was made climbing up a road leading to a mountain pass at an altitude of 3500 feet above sea-level, with gradients rising to 7 per cent. The road has an interesting profile with several sharp corners, some at right angles, others as sharp as the head of a hair-pin. The ground was at the time covered on its entire length, partly with ice, partly with about ten-inch snow.

Driving a PANHARD, the first trial was performed on " " tyres, and the result was disastrous. Continuous slipping obliged the driver to use the second gear, even the first. Twice the car stopped, the back wheels turning wild, brought the car by a side-slip, right across the road. To restart it was necessary to sweep the road and break the ice through to the earth to get a firm grip for the tyres.

The second test was performed the next day during a snowstorm, with the same car, but fully equipped with RAPSON tyres (these tyres having done already 3,000 odd miles). The summit of the pass was reached without the smallest trouble in 35 minutes instead of one hour and a-quarter! It is necessary to say that the difference of altitude between the starting-point and the summit was 2400 feet, and the length of the road, 8 miles.

Several other experiences done during this last winter show very clearly that Rapson tyres are the best non-skid tyres in the world. For hilly countries they can be used with real advantage on snow or ice without the help of chains or ropes so detrimental to the tyres and the car itself.

I thought this description would interest you, and beg to remain,
 Yours truly,
 (Sgd.) E. J. BOURGEOIS."



AFTER a long set in the broiling sun—a glass of Barclay's London Lager deliciously cooled tastes good!

Barclay's

London Lager

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AMAZING EFFICIENCY

Thousands produced - Total failures to date - Seven.

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AN ECHO.

BY WINIFRED AGAR.

YES, I saw her again the other day, a coarse old woman sitting in an overgrown garden. What a sight! Her grey hair was smoothed back in greasy strands from her forehead and fixed at the nape of her thick neck with a multitude of black hairpins. Ugh! Her head seemed too heavy for her small, squat body; it nodded to and fro as she sat there. She was knitting, and her crafty eyes were bent over her work. You should have seen her clothes! She had a tightly fitting blouse of some hideous shade of orange, and she wore about three rows of brightly coloured beads round her neck. (She'd always had a fancy for beads and gaudy colourings. She had fierce tastes.) Her skirt was a shiny black atrocity, so thin and tight that you could see the curves of her thick legs pressed against the straining material. But her feet! . . . Would you believe it! She has still got the most exquisite feet and the most delicately moulded ankles it has ever been my good fortune to see! How the sight of them brought things rushing back to me! Their beauty always hypnotised me, and, you won't believe it, but the other day as I stood looking at them over the garden gate, I almost lost my head! I was just going to dash in and throw myself at those superb feet, when the being who owned them looked up from her work, and I saw those eyes (do you remember those eyes? Very pale grey, with dark speckles in them, and thick, short lashes)—I saw those eyes, bleary eyes now, slide up at me, up and down, quickly.

"When you've done staring at me, perhaps you'll say what you want?"

She didn't recognise me! That gave me a nasty shock, I can tell you! I flattered

myself that I hadn't altered so *very* much during these last thirty years. While she! . . . However, she didn't recognise me.

I decided I wouldn't tell her who I was—in fact, after the first shock of surprise, I was very relieved that she didn't know me; might have been rather unpleasant if she had. I apologised and said I had mistaken her for somebody I knew, and then I started talking about the weather and the harvest as quickly as I could. I was determined she shouldn't shake me off until I had made her talk a bit. It was difficult work at first. She kept those quick eyes of hers fixed on her knitting and wasn't at all disposed to be friendly. Every now and then one of the hairpins in her monstrous old head would slip out and fall to the gravel, and then she'd give a lurch forward on her chair and pick it up and jab it back into her hair and go on with her knitting. At last she said—

"Well, if you're so dead set on talking, you'd better come into the garden instead of shouting at me over the gate."

I couldn't refuse such a pretty invitation, so in I walked and sat down on a rickety old chair that stood against the cottage wall. She didn't even raise her eyes to look at me, but went on knitting, with her pale, cracked old lips locked together, and her short, square old hands flitting in and out through the twines of wool.

I talked about everything I could think of until I was hoarse, and still not a word from her except an occasional grunt and an occasional little cackle of strange laughter. Her lips would shoot out in the weirdest travesty of a grin. . . . I made up a long rigmorale about myself—the whole story of my life, a string of lies from beginning to end: I hoped that by pretending to tell her all my affairs, I might induce her to tell me some of hers. But

not a bit of it! Then, in desperation, at last I started talking about an idiot I had seen that morning in the village; a man—he might have been any age—who had suddenly skipped up to me in the village street, poked his small, thin head at me, blinked and winked his small slit eyes, gurgled something unintelligible, and had then skipped off, running, pausing, swaying on the pavement, jabbering to himself, and laughing with moist, gaping lips.

"Such a ghastly sight," I said. "People like that really ought to be shut up. Do you know, he actually gave me a playful dab on the head with a paper bag of buns he was clutching in his hand! Ludicrous! He should be shut up! Can you tell me anything about him; who he is, and why they let him roam about, or—?"

Can you believe it, she dropped her eternal knitting from her fingers and actually raised her head and smiled at me! This time it wasn't a grin, but a positive smile. Such a slow, twisting smile from those parched lips! You can guess how flabbergasted I was—so astonished that I actually sat down again. (I had got up when I started talking about the idiot, thinking to leave if this last attempt at conversation failed.)

Then she spoke.

She hadn't any teeth to speak of, and her voice was soft and hissing.

"That's a mighty interesting tale you've been telling," she said. (She ignored my question about the idiot.) "Your life sounds as if it had been a pretty gay one, but it ain't been as gay as mine." She intoned the word "gay" very strangely, I thought. "Like to hear a few things about me now? By way of variation, so to speak? Oh, I wasn't always the old hag you see here. Nice to look at, I was—so they told me. Funny to think of, ain't it? Not pretty,

[Continued overleaf.]

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Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.

By appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.



Turning over an old Leaf

SIMPLE ADAM AND SUBTLE EVE

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IN many ways it is doubtful whether we have advanced from early primitivism. Even the dilettante is compelled to face necessity, and necessity is an ugly vision. So, with the world's progress at a standstill, the mind reverts to the origin of things, and, hating primitive reality, ponders on the myth of Eden.

Probably Eve, when she took her morning bathe, tired of the unchanging reflection in the pool of her pearl-white covering and, craving for change, evolved the original idea of body ornamentation. Having made her plans, she was subtle enough first to "feed the brute" before breaking the news, so in order to put him in a good humour she offered Adam a bite of her apple. Then, simulating a chill which did not exist, she induced him to search for decorative fig-leaves to serve as alluring draperies.

From the moment of donning her first costume, she cultivated fresh whims and fancies, and varied her designs to such an extent that poor Adam's life became one long and weary search to discover fig-trees with leaves of rare and refreshing shape. Which occupation, incidentally, contrived to keep him out of other mischief.

The allegory applies to modern times. We twentieth-century Adams hunt from morn till night, not for precious fig-leaves, nor even now for gold, but in a paper-chase for things called Treasury Notes. And when we have collected a large number of them our modern Eves magically change them into a wisp of chiffon which they wrap around their dainty forms as a protection against the elements.

In a season Eve will appear adorned in a dozen diaphanous gowns, costing many hundreds of pounds, whilst Adam, humbly collecting the few odd notes Eve so generously permits him to keep for himself, trots along to Bond Street for a Dress Suit once a year.

Adam will find compassion at Pope and Bradley's, where his difficulties are understood. Compared with Eve's indulgences, the following prices are hardly worth mentioning. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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No. 3. Delightfully useful Knitted **JUMPER** in Fine Wool, light in weight, most suitable for the River and All Sports wear. It has two pockets and a sash. Colours: Lemon, Saxe, Nigger, Silver, Light Saxe, Rose, Helio, White, Black.

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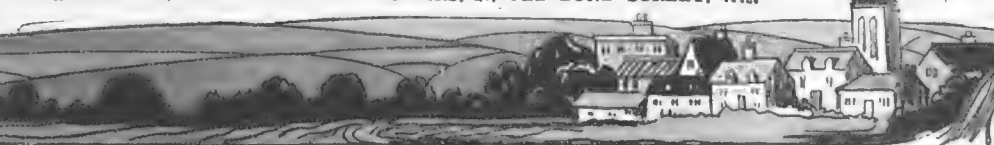
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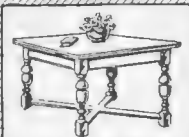


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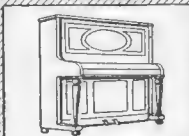
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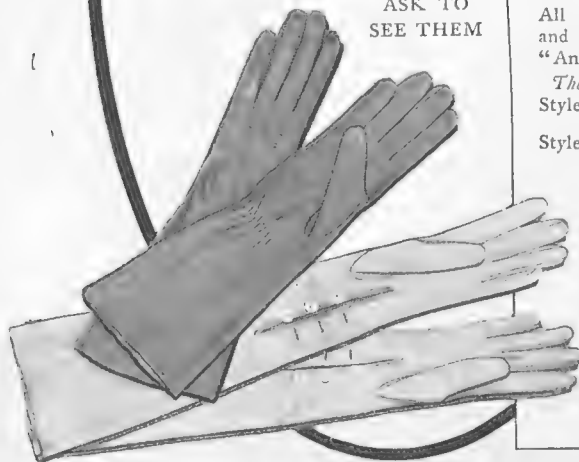
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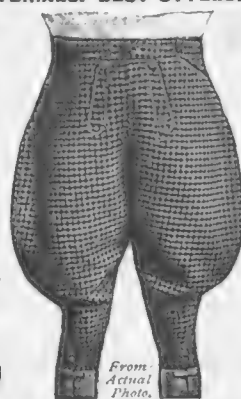
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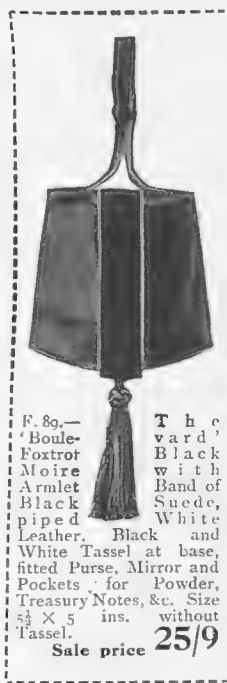


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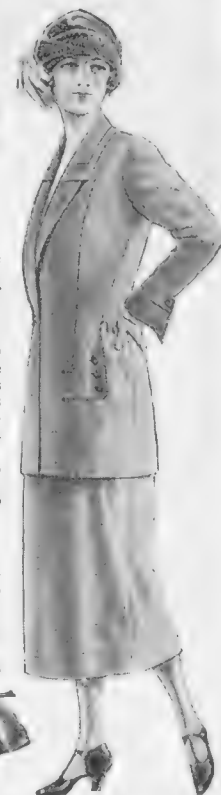
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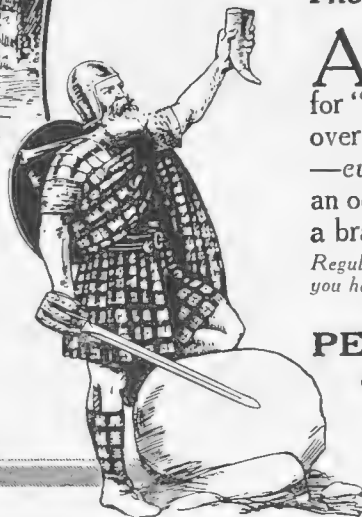
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Continued.]

you know, not exactly pretty, but dark, with a good figure, and small. Fascinating, too—so they told me. Fanciful little devil I was, but innocent and harmless enough, God knows! I didn't care tuppence about the men folk, and that excited them, they were always at my heels. Unaccountable brutes, unaccountable brutes, men"—she leered up at me questioningly—"aren't they, Mr. Thompson?" "I think you said your name was Thompson?" "aren't they, Mr. Thompson?" She moistened her lips, and then dragged the back of one square hand across them. "Oh, I don't include *you*, Mr. Thompson," she said in her soft voice, giving me a soft prod with one hand; "oh, no; I can tell by the looks of you exactly what you're like: a nice gentlemanly gentleman, if you'll allow me to put it so, and all open and above-board. Eh, Mr. Thompson? But some of 'em! They've made queer holes in my life, I can tell you! There was one, now, in my young days, a lad called Brice, a nice lad, sturdy and healthy if ever there was one. He was mad on me—oh, there were heaps more, but he was the only one I could be bothered with, until one day a stranger . . ."



A FINE PORTRAIT-SCULPTURE EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY THIS YEAR: MRS. GERALD MANGAN, A HALF-FIGURE IN BRONZE BY MR. E. WHITNEY-SMITH.

Her voice sighed wheezily into silence, and her eyes roved round for a minute or two, till they came to rest on me in a contemplative sort of fashion. . . . "a stranger arrived, a big fair man, Mr. Thompson, with a brown moustache and pale sort of greenish eyes, and a queer, thin face. Name of Freeman. . . . How white you look, Mr. Thompson," she said dreamily; "it's this hot weather Dear me! I'll fetch you a glass o' water." And the old woman got off her chair and lumbered into the cottage, trailing a long ball of green wool behind her. She came out in a minute with a glass of water clenched in her hand, and directly she sat down she went on talking. I had started the flow of her memories, and I couldn't stop it now, though I very much wanted to.

"Let me see, where was I? D'you remember where I'd got to, Mr. Thompson?" I shook my head. "Ah—yes, I remember," she continued. "I remember. Young man, name of Freeman—that's where I'd got to. Clever he was, I'll grant him that. (How are you feeling now, Mr. Thompson? Better? That's right.) He could be cunning in such a breezy way that everyone thought he was a splendid fellow. So did I, Mr. Thompson;

so did I. He came into the village one day, very jaunty; dropped from the skies; we never knew where he'd come from—so shrewd where everyone else was concerned, and so vague about himself. He never looked at me—that's what interested me in him first." She stopped to jab some hairpins back into her head. "And he was always saying such queer, clever things—things we wasn't used to in the village; and when he'd said them he'd look round at us with those clear, pale eyes of his, and he'd smile and give some

(Continued overleaf.)



WITH HER SON JIMMY: MRS. R. SCOTT-HOPKINS.

Mrs. R. Scott-Hopkins is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel R. Scott-Hopkins, D.S.O., M.C. She is keenly interested in horses and dogs, the latter taste probably being inherited from her father, the late Mr. J. Sidney Turner, who was for many years Chairman of the Kennel Club. Mrs. Scott-Hopkins is herself a member of the Committee of the Ladies' Kennel Club.



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Continued.]

girl or other a long look, and she 'd blush, and we 'd think him no end of a fine fellow. But he never looked at me; it made me wild, and I began to try to make him notice me—went on until I was sick at heart and gave it up; and then suddenly (would you believe it, Mr. Thompson?)—her voice grew deeper, and again that hand thudded down on my arm—"one day I met him in the street and he took me off to tea with him at Carter's—that 's the sweet-shop down the street. Such a fascination that man had! You wouldn't believe it, Mr. Thompson! He took me for a walk after tea, a walk in the fields; all gold it was—wonderful evening, my arm tucked through his, everything wonderful! He talked a lot of poetry stuff to me—I didn't hear the words, only the sound of his voice there in the fields. Sort of caressing voice—you know what I mean, Mr. Thompson? I 'd have died for him at that moment. . . . He picked a great red armful of poppies and put a chain of 'em in my hair." She leant back in her chair, put her hand over her face, and cackled with laughter, and suddenly peered out at me through her fingers, then dropped her hand and went on talking. "I remember him laughing—sort o' throaty laugh he had; it used to make me feel hot all over—as he twined the poppies round my head. And he called me strange new names—lovely sounds some of 'em had—and kissed me, and then took me home and forgot about me for a week; and there was I pining for a word or a look, and not one did he trouble to give me for eight whole days; and then again he drifted past me in the village street and took me off for a walk in the woods. D'you know the woods behind the village, Mr. Thompson? Pretty spot, pretty spot. He didn't bother to talk to me this time—just walked along slowly, whistling, and when I began to get tired of roamin'

about saying nothing, with him so distant towards me and lazy, when I said I was going home he stretched out his long hand and said in that drawly voice of his, 'Don't go, Lisbeth—not yet.' I was a little fool, o' course, and stayed, and paid the penalty o' staying, o' course; and then he asked me to go away to London with him, and, o' course, by that time it didn't matter, and I said 'Yes.' And he so careless about it all, and perhaps a little bored; and me hot and trembling, and full of hope, and so afraid. . . . Oh, I can tell you, Mr. Thompson, it was a comic business—a nice little tragedy, too—you can look at it either way: me the innocent, trusting little girl, and him the waster that comes along and takes what he can. The usual story, Mr. Thompson, about the usual fool of a girl and—"

"And what about him?" I said eagerly. "Was he the usual kind of a man?"

She leant towards me, her old eyes gloating over me above the shining spears of her knitting-needles.

"Oh . . . him . . . he thought it was amusing . . . yes, he was the usual kind—very usual—only I didn't realise it then. But after a month with him in London I pretty well knew him through and through—and then I didn't know where to turn. I couldn't come back here, o' course—they 'd have had me back if I 'd married the man. The only good turn he ever did me was not to marry me; but because he didn't they wouldn't have me back. Not that I really wanted to come. . . . I went on the stage then—chorus. You wouldn't believe it to look at me now, would you?" She heaved with laughter. "Oh, but I got on quickly—I was hard-working and pretty clever; and after a year or two they gave me small speaking parts, and then bigger ones, and then my name began to be a bit well known . . . and

back comes Mr. Freeman to sponge on me with soft words and borrow the bit o' money I 'd saved. I thought I was proof against his devilments, but he 'd only to walk into my room, and back came the village days in the heat with the poppies, and the cool dark wood rushing to my mind, and all the sweet hours then, and the dreariness now, and the work that never ended. I forgot all about the shallowness and the craftiness of him—I was so glad to see his long hand stroking his cheek as he looked at me, and his hair, thick and sort o' shiny against his high, white forehead.

"Oh, I hated him well enough! I despised him, but I craved for him . . . torture it was! I 'd left him before when my hate for him had 'bout risen to boiling point; but I 'd wanted him all through those years at the theatre—though I wasn't happy when he did come back. I chucked the theatre and lived on my savings while he was with me—and then he took practically all my money and bolted, and there was I left . . .

"Cruel, wasn't it? Ah, but it was my fault as well, Mr. Thompson, wasn't it? for being such a little fool! My fault for being under the spell of his witcheries, wasn't it, Mr. Thompson?"

She leered at me again, and looked down at her knitting, and waggled her hideous old head. I got up softly from my chair, hoping to escape; but she laid her hand gently on my arm without looking up and gently drew me back.

"Oh, no; my story's not finished yet, Mr. Thompson! It may be a long one; but yours were long ones too, weren't they? Eight months after he left me I had a baby. You *do* look tired, Mr. Thompson! Never mind, I shan't be long now. Such a delicate baby it was! I had hardly any money left, and the baby hampered me fearfully. Then

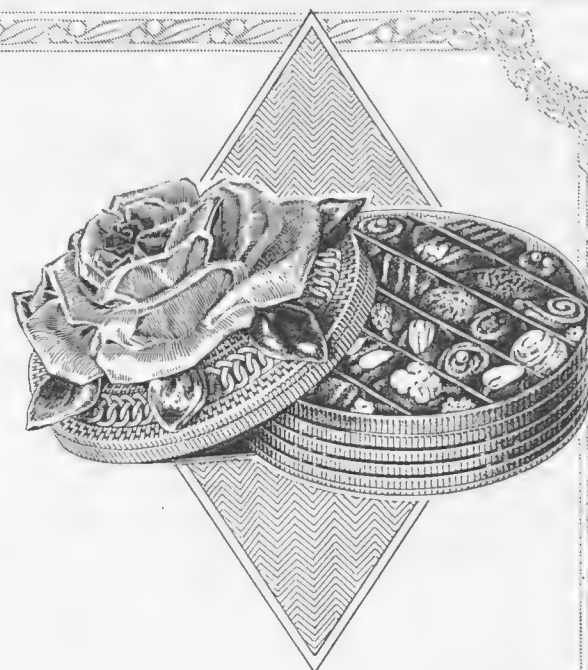
[Continued overleaf.]

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(Continued.)

after six months I managed to get a situation ; such a come-down, but still a situation, with a woman that had three daughters. I used to sit all day in a tiny, cold room and mend their clothes. Quick-fingered I was, but it was dreary work. I never saw the baby for eight whole months—a chorus-girl friend o' mine who 'd got married was lookin' after it in the country for me, and I used to send her as much as I could from my wages every month. Then one day they gave me the afternoon off, and I went to see the baby ; paid my train fare with money I 'd been scraping together for months. It was late in the afternoon when I arrived at Buryfield. Such a day it was, hot and shining, and the fields all bright with poppies—so like that other day all those ages ago ! (Brutal things memories are, aren't they, Mr. Thompson ? They hurt so, don't they ?) There was I walking along quickly, ever so quickly, from the station—all anxious and happy and hoping. I got to the cottage at last, and my friend met me at the gate. She put her arm through mine and began talking away about all sorts of things. . . . Voluble wasn't the word—hanging over me, talk, talk, talk, I couldn't stop her. At last I simply tore my arm from hers and turned and faced her on the path.

"Well," I said, "and my baby ?"

"Oh," says she lightly, "he's in there. Been a bit queer lately—I think it's the hot weather."

"I pushed her aside and ran for the cottage.

It was all dark inside, and I couldn't see at first, being dazzled by the sunshine in the garden. Then suddenly I saw something small and very still sitting in a corner. I ran to my baby. He sat there with his little mouth open, 'all moist and gaping'—to borrow your own words, Mr. Thompson—



AN INCIDENT OF ROSE DAY: QUEEN ALEXANDRA ACCEPTING A BASKET OF ALEXANDRA ROSES, TOGETHER WITH A BOTTLE OF PEARS' LAVENDER WATER.

and his head nodded. He grinned at me—such an awful grin from that baby face. . . .

"An idiot, Mr. Thompson, an idiot. He was born like that, though, o' course, I hadn't noticed it at first; and an idiot he's been ever since. That was him you saw just now in the street—the daft man with the bag o'

buns. Funny, isn't it ? Oh, a pretty little legacy of misery Mr. Freeman left me ! What, are you going so soon, Mr. Thompson ? I haven't finished my story yet. I came back here ten years ago—here where I was born—and they didn't know me ! They 'd known me as their pride when I was a silly child, and then their disgrace when I was an ignorant girl; and when I 'd grown to be a sensible woman with those faults of mine cut away by experience, I found they 'd forgotten me ! Forgotten altogether ! Twenty years had passed, and when I came back ten years ago and told them who I was, just to see how they 'd take it, they blinked at me and yawned and began to gossip over the latest village scandal ! When I think of the tumult they raised when I ran away with Freeman ! Oh, it was bitter being forgotten ! Hatred and scorn are better than being forgotten."

She dropped her knitting and lifted her heavy arms to finger the loops of beads that glistened over her broad bosom.

"Scoundrelly fiend ! He cut my life to pieces !" Her voice held worlds of loathing. Then she turned to me and said in a voice of honey sweetness, "Don't you agree with me, Mr. Thompson ?"

I rose quickly, snatched off my hat, mumbled a hurried word, and escaped through her garden gate to the cool country lane beyond. A long gust of laughter stole to my ear as I walked away.

Her crafty eyes haunt me. Do you think she recognised me ? Do you ? [THE END.]



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by a famous Chef (Mr. H. HAMMOND, M.C.A., Chef de Cuisine, Thatched House Club).—Put the outside peel of two lemons into two quarts of water, add eight lumps of sugar and boil for ten minutes. To this add two dessert-spoonfuls of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, previously mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Continue to boil for five minutes and allow to cool. When cold, strain off through fine muslin and add ice and lemon juice to taste.

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"HOW is it, do you think, that options are getting so popular?" asked The Broker. "In the old days, I did one every other month. To-day, I get two or three orders a week. Can't make it out."

"People want to speculate as much as ever they did, but they would like to limit their losses," suggested The Engineer.

"Yes, that's all right. But they could have done the same thing before the war; and my experience, which I've just told you, isn't by any means singular."

"Possibly there's such a thing as financial fashion," remarked The Merchant. "It certainly is the case that lots of people are asking about options; people, too, who never had a dash in them before."

"My doctor," The Jobber contributed, "who doesn't know a Mexican Eagle from a canary, asked me to put fifty pounds into an option, only this morning, because he thought there was a bit of sport in it. And he left the shares to me entirely."

"What did you buy him? None of us will tell," promised The City Editor.

"I split it. Gave half the money for the call of Modder Deep, and am going to keep the other half for something else. Marconis, I fancy at the moment."

"You had to do it through a broker?"

"Of course, most Wise-in-All-the-World. I make nothing out of it."

"Does your doctor pay the money now?"

"No fear. There's no money payable until the option falls due. It's only bucket-shops that want it on the nail."

"And then you run the risk of losing the lot, whether you win or lose."

"There's one bucket-shop," said The City

Editor, "that I'm always getting complaints about from people who have 'made' profits, and can't get the money out of the blighters. Rotten, isn't it?"

"Yea, verily. I think, myself, you'll come home on Modder Deep."

"All the Kaffir Market's going better. Randfontein you can buy for a two or three shillings rise. The Cape is omnivorous for the shares."

"What a gaudy word!" The Engineer exclaimed. "I love Omnivorous."

"Sounds like an animal at the Zoo," added The Jobber. "Is it another name for the elephant?"

"It would fit him all right," quoth The Broker. "One of them swallowed my wife's vanity-bag last Sunday."

"Must have been a female, who wanted to powder her trunk and put lip-salve on her tusks—"

"My wife does not—"

"Does a female elephant wear tusks?"

Natural history, like intensive hydraulic engineering, is one of those few subjects for which the average Londoner does not take gold medals, and the persiflage ran on to railery.

"Home Rails or Argentines?" demanded The City Editor.

"Both," The Broker promptly responded.

"We should see Central Argentines and B.A.G.S. standing even higher if there were any trade about."

"They can't go up by themselves, that's a cert," confirmed The Jobber. "People keep on asking me: 'Why doesn't this go better, or that, or something else?' How can it, if no one comes along to buy the stuff?"

His pathetic appeal went unanswered, except for The Merchant's assumption that the dulness of Home Rails was caused by the same sort of cause.

"Precisely the same," replied The Broker. "We are in July now, and people are thinking about holidays—"

"Income tax, more likely."

"Well, both, if you like."

"You must have holidays," The Jobber pointed out, and his House friend admitted the distinction. "You'd think, though, that with these expenses coming along, we should get a little business from people who want to pay for them."

"Hence the willingness to take up options," said The Engineer. "Now, in my own profession, we are only just getting over the effect of the lock-out. Hundreds of contracts went abroad because of the dispute, and it will be a long time before the trade comes back."

"Would you buy Vickers yet?"

"Not for myself. I'd rather have Armstrongs. And Bolckows you can buy; Richardson Westgarths are all right—but you've got to go pretty carefully in buying anything of that sort now."

"Stick to security, my boy."

"But I like a touch of speculation. Brunner Mond Sevens, non-cumulative, though, are cheap at eighteen-and-six."

"I'm still a holder of those Lipton Nines you bought for me at a pound," remarked The Merchant. "I see they are up to five-and-twenty bob. Shall I sell?"

"I don't know what to do with the money," admitted The Broker. "You might sell if—"

The Jobber leaned forward and said something in an undertone to The Merchant.

"Right ho!" said the latter. "Jolly good idea! And we'll make 'em all pay their option money three months before it's due. Look in to-night, and we'll draw up the circular on the most approved bucket-shop lines!"

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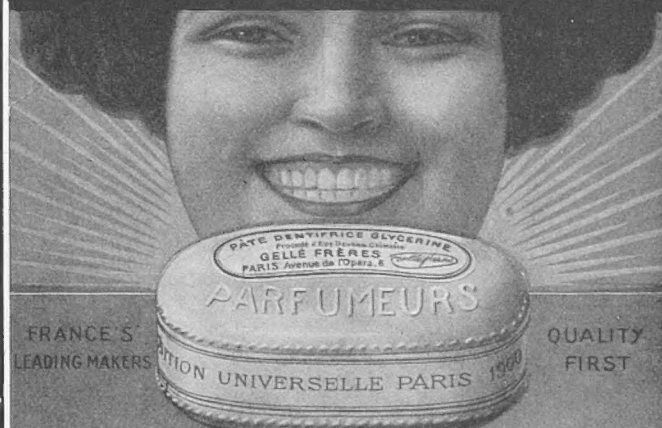
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